

The Last AUTHENTIC Story by "Buffalo Bill" will Commence Next Week!

New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOOTEE WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 341.

GONE BEFORE.

BY HARVEY HOWARD.

There's a sweet little cottage on the old Ohio's shore.
When I've seen many a happy hour go by;
Where I've sat and watched the river which the moonlight glistened o'er,
Wite its scintillating gleams that never die.
And the river seemed the brighter for those other eyes that gazed.
Those eyes that brightened when I came;
While in the air about our heads a golden halo blazed.
With love's bright, all-consuming flame.
And the wheels that cleft the waters of the boats that came and went,
Seemed to throw off a gem from every blade,
Till the sparkle on the wave-crests into one bright gleaming blaze.
Made the darkness of the misty night-air fade.
The dear heart that beat so close unto my heart
That beat so strong,
And the soft cheek pressed against my own,
Seemed mirrored in the river mid a happy, bright-robed throng.
That knelt all around her golden throne.
The long rides we took by moonlight on the laughing river.
When our hearts were as gay as summer morn,
And our boat danced so lightly o'er the billow's foam-capped crest.
That we pitied the sighing trees forlorn.
The loving words she spoke and the tender songs she sang.
Even now seem to beautify the day;
But oh! when these are vanished, with an oft-recurring pang,
I think of the bliss that's fled away.
For the darling form I loved was too fair to bless for long.
Those who loved her with the sunlight of her smile,
Yet perhaps when I have waited I shall hear her sweeter song.
When I have waited such a weary, weary while!
The deepest and most painful woe that ever comes to man.
Is remembrance of blessings that are fled.
Yet the pain has so much pleasure that we do not care to ban.
Recollection of a loved one that is dead.
The bright beauty of my darling comes unto my heart again.
From the starry-spangled arch that bends above;
Since I've won such a blessed creature's love;
Since I've helped to make earth brighter for an angel whose sweet song.
Now comes waded through the golden gates of love,
And my memory has gone with one of that bright angel throng.
Who sing at the great white throne above.



"There is some one in the shrubbery, she said," "some one who has no right to be there."

Brave Barbara: FIRST LOVE OR NO LOVE.

A STORY OF A WAYWARD HEART.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVERS AND LOVES.

It was in the afternoon of the second day after Delorme's abrupt departure from Bellevue, that Barbara Rensselaer strolled away from the gay company—usually so dearly loved, but in her present mood, so tormenting—by which she had surrounded herself, to the summer-house overlooking the river. A lovely spot where sky, earth, and water entranced the eye. On this September day it was beautiful beyond telling. The picturesque little temple, with latticed sides and oriental roof, stood on the verge of one of those abrupt cliffs which, in some places, wall the splendid river, which spreads out beneath, blue as heaven, and alive with clouds of snowy sails.

"I am so glad to be alone," murmured Barbara, seating herself by an open octagon of the summer-house, which overlooked the water. "I hope no one will find me here for an hour at least. It seems as if I were smothering!" Indeed, she panted like a fawn which had been chased, and there was a troubled light in her dark, glorious eyes. Yet nothing had occurred to distress her. It was only the restlessness of her own thoughts which had driven her to hide herself and seek for calm. She had a momentous question to decide.

Did she, or did she not, love Delisle Delorme?

He would come back from the city and ask her that question, and she would have to answer it.

She leaned her round, firm chin in the palm of her dimpled hand, and sank so deep into reverie that the world before her was but a picture before sleeping eyes. Her cheeks became the color of cardinal-flowers; her great eyes melted and glowed, something like a smile hovered about the small, tremulous mouth. With that soft, yielding expression on her young face, Barbara showed how beautiful she was. Any lover, stealing a long glance at her then, would have felt his soul die within him for love of the sweet beauty. But presently she sighed, and frowned, patting the floor with an impatient little foot.

"If he stays here long, he will make me love him," she said, "and I do not want to love Delisle Delorme." I feel certain that I shall not be his first love, and I wish to be—must be—the first, last, only love of the man I marry! No second-hand heart for me. If I cannot have a man's whole soul—his first vows—I'll not have him—no, not I!" concluded Barbara, haughtily, and with flashing eyes. "And then, I distrust Delorme. Papa thinks he is all that he appears. I wish I could feel so—for I distrust

him—and it makes me unhappy to do so, for I—I would like to trust him. He is a strange man. He makes me feel strangely. When I am in his presence I am drawn toward him—I love—I adore him! As soon as he is out of my sight, I am afraid of him—I am dissatisfied—suspicious—and I don't love him! I can hardly make papa understand all that. He would only laugh at me if I made the attempt. It is evident that Delorme has fascinated him completely! Papa wears Delorme's colors. Am I, then, wiser than my own wise papa? Or am I only a little simpleton, as somebody or another is always telling every girl she is?"

Again she dropped her lovely face on her hand and looked out over the silver ripples of the deep-blue river. Almost under her feet the cars of the railroad which edged the stream went thundering by.

"There goes the five o'clock express. I wonder if he came back on that. I dread to meet him—yet I long to. I've been lonely since he went away; I can't deny that."

"God bless you, my own heart's darling—my beautiful—my own sweet love, for saying that! It was as you meant, was it not? Do not deny it! Do not take away this sudden happiness! You were lonely without me, Barbara, say that you meant me!" and Delisle Delorme had held both her hands, and was looking into the face she would fain have hidden, with blazing eyes, and speaking in a voice, low, but heart-thrilling in its quivering, passionate accents. Haughty Barbara! who demanded a man's first love, or none—here was love, surely, that no art could simulate. The voice of passion, suddenly breaking the bonds of doubt and fear, appealed to her quailing soul.

For a little while her lover sat with downcast eyes, thinking.

"He will tell me: I am to be the master," half thought the willful girl, regarding him from the corners of her drooped lashes, while her color came slowly back; but she was mistaken, so she felt when the troubled but resolute glance of the man with whom she was playing again dwelt on her own.

This man's nature was not one to toy—to coquette with. Whatever were his faults, his sins, his past life, the girl felt certain that he loved her, now, as strongly and mightily as she craved to be loved. Her whole being surrendered itself to him under the fire of his assaulting eyes. But she would not acknowledge it. She withdrew her soft little hands from his crushing grasp, and laughed provokingly, although her heart trembled within her.

"Eavesdropper!" she cried, tauntingly.

"I saw your dress, Miss Rensselaer as I was coming, on foot, up the path. I divined that you were here alone. Before I left, I had your father's permission to speak to you. It seemed to me a kind Fate which gave me so swift an opportunity. I adore your proud spirit, Barbara; but do not be too proud, now. Only admit to me that you missed me, in my absence, and I will be the happiest man on the face of the earth. Dear Barbara, will you say that?"

"Yes, Mr. Delorme," she answered, downcast eyelashes trembling and voice ditto, "I did miss you—at croquet."

"Thank you, even for that. But, Barbara, why trifl with me! Your blushed and maiden pride are sweeter to me than anything in the world—but your love; yet I long for some assurance that you indeed care for me. I have spoken to your father, and he promised to talk with you. Did he do so?"

"Yes, Mr. Delorme."

"And, at least, you were not angry with me? May I ask what answer you gave your father?"

"Yes: you may ask him."

"What a tease you are! Why not tell me here, and now? There will never be a better

time. I love you, Barbara, with my whole heart and soul. My nature is too intense to bear the strain of suspense. Will you not, then, be kind, be generous, and tell me whether or not my love is in vain?" His voice had sunk to a sweet, piercing whisper, he had her hand again, and his eyes now fixed upon her breast.

Barbara was a girl of far more than ordinary strength of feeling and will—one who could love, or hate, to the death—not one to yield her promise to the first suitor out of a weak complacency. She felt, she knew, in that all-important moment, that she loved the man who was beseeching her, yet some remnants of her former distrust remained, some spirit of contrariness within her—for good or evil—prompted her quivering lips to say:

"I will give you a decided answer, when you first tell me what took you away from Bellevue, so suddenly."

If she had studied these words to produce some strange dramatic effect, they could not have been more successful in doing it. He drew back as if she had struck him in the face—twice—white—and dropped her hand.

There was a minute of oppressive silence.

"You do not choose to tell?" said Barbara, with something like a sneer playing about her pale, beautiful mouth, for she, too, had grown very pale—with jealousy and alarm at the effect of her words.

For a little while her lover sat with downcast eyes, thinking.

"He will tell me: I am to be the master," half thought the willful girl, regarding him from the corners of her drooped lashes, while her color came slowly back; but she was mistaken, so she felt when the troubled but resolute glance of the man with whom she was playing again dwelt on her own.

"Barbara," began Delorme, with an air of primness and dignity which she admired in spite of her own annoyance, "if there is to be love between us, it must be founded on absolute esteem and confidence. I cannot explain to you the message which called me to New York; I cannot even recite to you the whole story of my past life. What it was necessary for your father to know, I told him. He receives me with no insulting doubts—no halfway friendship. Cannot you do the same? Cannot you love me with your whole heart, Barbara, yet feel that I have a secret from you?"

He looked keenly into the eyes which met his unflinching eyes; she could not reply instantly to such a question.

"Because, if you cannot," he proceeded, after a pause, "I may as well give up, from this hour, all hopes of happiness. I can only be happy with you, Barbara; and I can only stay with you, having your assurance that you trust me, and give your consent to my keeping my one secret from you. If to know that I love you utterly will content you, you do know that. Will you be satisfied with that, for life, my darling?"

He smiled now, a dazzling smile, which blotted out her vague doubts in its great light. Yet a lingering jealousy of that unknown past prompted her to say:

"You are older than I am, Mr. Delorme. I am seventeen, and you are—"

"Twenty-eight," he said, in answer to her inquiring look.

"Nearly ten years older. Of course you have had experiences quite different from mine. I have no idle curiosity about all those years which you have spent. But I have always said that I would never become the wife of any man unless I was his first and only love. Am I yours?"

She asked the question suddenly, leaning toward him till her sweet breath fanned his lips, and her dark eyes shot a lightning flash into his, as if she would have lighted up the most secret chambers of his soul, with that searching glance. A slight flush came and went on his forehead; his eyes, however, did not shrink from hers, and he replied almost instantly:

"You are, Yes, Barbara, my own sweet first love. Circumstances, which I have called cruel and hard, held me from giving my love to any woman, in my earlier years, when the heart is most susceptible. Now, instead of calling this a bitter lot, I bless it, for it has kept me for you, the one peerless woman of all the world—kept my heart as fresh for your love as yours for mine. I swear it, Barbara! You are my first, my only, my one love. Ah, how glad I am that it is so. Will you say to me, now, that you return my love? Will you promise me, some day, to be my wife, Barbara?"

"Who should you marry, you little goose, if not the man you love, and who has asked you?" cried the old gentleman, stoutly.

"What's the use of putting on these prudish airs? Fie! I know you're but just turned of seventeen—so was your dear mother, when we were betrothed. If you are too young to give your word, you are too young to have a lover dangling about you. No nonsense, Barbara! And no flirting! 'Tis a thing I despise. Do you, or do you not, love Mr. Delorme?—answer me that!"

He asked this delicate question in such round, plump tones that Barbara was half-frightened out of her wits.

"Oh, hush, papa! What if some one should hear? I suppose—I guess—I'm afraid—yes, Papa, I love him—that is, a little."

"Very well. He loves you. Say no more. It will take, how long—a week!—to get up a jolly, first-class celebration of your betrothal. Tomorrow we will go down to the city about it; the engravers must do the cards in one day—they will fetch them back with us. There will be no trouble about the caterers, nor the florists—they can do wonders in short order. Very well. It is all arranged. Make out your list of friends to-night, Barbara. Order yourself a new dress. Do not spare the old papa's purse. This is an extraordinary occasion. I have but one son and she a daughter: Very well. When she chooses a mate there must be a grand time—a grand time, do you hear? And no nonsense!"

So it came about—without a touch of Barbara's will—that the wheel had given a turn and brought up her betrothal festival.

It was too late to retract—to be sorry—to reflect.

Indeed, she had had small time for reflection in the few bus days preceding the *fête*. A few stolen hours of wonderful bliss the lovers had managed to obtain to themselves. During those hours they had not sought to come to any fuller understanding. They had only looked into each other's eyes, breathed each other's breath, listened to the strange, sweet throbbing of each other's heart.

Nor had any one of the merry company

handsome sum; he was determined to keep his uncle's affection and respect as a means of providing for his own future.

But he had more ambitions and pleasanter dreams even than these. Since he had been a mere lad he had resolved to marry his sweet cousin Barbara—the loveliest girl in the State, and sole heiress to lands and houses and bank-accounts enough to stir the coldest heart that ever froze in selfishness.

Not that Herman was very selfish or very cold; he had a streak of the phlegmatic which had come down to him from some old Dutch ancestor—he loved money and lands—he was careful and calculating; but he was not a bad fellow; and he did really love his beautiful relative with all the passion of which his nature was capable.

As we fail to note particularly the things with which we are most familiar, so it had escaped the eye of the old gentleman, and even of his daughter, that Herman's affection transcended that of a poor but esteemed relative. Barbara liked him because he was kind—and useful; and as she liked her dog or her horse, because she was used to them.

Herman had been home from abroad and become a permanent member of the family for nearly two years, when our record begins. In that time Barbara had blossomed into maidenhood. Herman could have lived along contentedly for years; but this summer had been one long torment to him.

His beautiful cousin began to have lovers.

Elegant men, wealthy, with all the airs and graces of society, haunted her light footsteps. He trembled in his shoes. What were his chances? He admitted to himself that they were small. Yet he held to his purpose with the tenacity of his slow, strong will. She should be his!

It must be so. Had he not always expected it?

He had gone up to the summer-house to speak, at last—and had come down, feeling as if he had been crushed under a rock. But he made no sign.

CHAPTER V.

ENEMIES AND HATES.

ONE cannot always control the wheel of fate. No doubt Barbara thought she held it in her hand, and could force it to move slow or swiftly, as she chose, when she told Delorme that she loved him, yet would not promise to be his wife.

Yet in one week from that day Bellevue was the scene of an unwanted and joyous communion, in preparation for the *fête* to take place that evening, and which was to celebrate the betrothal of the daughter of the house.

This was one of the Dutch traditions religiously preserved in the Rensselaer family—that a betrothal was nearly, or quite, as sacred as the marriage which followed, and should be announced and *feted* in the same, or even a more festive manner. And Peter Rensselaer, when Delorme came to him, glowing with love and happiness, to say that Barbara had accepted his love, pooh-poohed his daughter contemptuously when she followed after, protesting with tears and blushes that there was no promise on her part to become Delorme's wife, and she did not wish to be considered "engaged."

"Who should you marry, you little goose, if not the man you love, and who has asked you?" cried the old gentleman, stoutly.

"What's the use of putting on these prudish airs? Fie! I know you're but just turned of seventeen—so was your dear mother, when we were betrothed. If you are too young to give your word, you are too young to have a lover dangling about you. No nonsense, Barbara! And no flirting! 'Tis a thing I despise. Do you, or do you not, love Mr. Delorme?—answer me that!"

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Nor had any one of the merry company

which overflowed the house noticed the pale, set face of Herman. It had been a long week to him—this week which had flown so swiftly to others in festive preparations—full of thought and scarcely-defined purposes to thwart that which went so crosswise to his wishes.

A soft, clear evening, warm for the middle of September, was that of the festival at Bellevue. The carriage-drive which wound up from the station, the spacious lawn, the summer-houses, groves, gardens, porticos, were ablaze with many-colored lanterns, seeming as innumerable as the stars which glimmered in the purple sky. All the windows were open, and from the great hall—twenty feet wide and forty long—came the piercing deliciousness of fine music, breathing the pulsing, passionate, joyous and yet melancholy strains of Strauss. Next to music, flowers seem most perfectly to express youth and love, hope and beauty. Flowers lavished their brief lives to make the few short hours of Barbara's festival a triumph. The ample rooms of the magnificent old mansion, from drawing-room to supper-room, were haunted and overflowed by their fairy presence.

All the earlier part of the evening Barbara and Delorme stood together, in one of the great drawing-rooms receiving the congratulations of their friends.

If any captious person had ever denied Barbara's beauty during the trying transformation from childhood to womanhood he must have rescinded his denial on that night.

In her long trailing dress of some soft white clinging material, and wearing on her dark hair the wreath of white roses which her father had signified was proper to the occasion, she had the look of a young goddess just coming into a knowledge of her rights to queenship and to happiness. About her shapely neck glittered the Rensselaer diamond necklace—the first time she had ever been permitted to wear it. Her slender, supple figure, as haughty as it was graceful in all its movements, her proud head, seemed to droop a little, this evening, with sensibility and the sweet modesty proper to the occasion. A soft, changing flush made her lovely face more lovely. But the soul—which would fain have hidden its secret of love from all those curious glances—could not be suppressed in those bright eyes filled with a fire as of melted jewels, as she raised them occasionally to meet the regard of the man by her side.

Quite at his ease, handsome, smiling, ready—one to force the admiration as well as the envy of others—Delisle Delorme stood by the side of his fair betrothed, receiving with gracious cordiality the good wishes, real or feigned, of the “dear five hundred friends”—and betraying his unusual emotion only by a paleness not native to his fair, ruddy face.

His frank blue eyes and hair of golden-brown were just the right contrast to the girl's dark beauty.

He had a fine, manly, pleasing countenance, which betrayed no sign of inborn depravity, or habitual falsehood of life. You would have said that no danger for her future could lurk in the character of a man with such a face. Friends smiled among themselves to see how often and how earnestly his glances turned to the young creature, in her wreath of white roses, who stood by his side. Excess of feeling made him pale. Any one might see his exultation, his joy—but wisely has Nature given man a mask to wear over his features, by which he can mingle with his kind without giving one token of the secret emotions which play behind the mask. Not one of that radiant company could see what the lover saw—a lurking ghost, whose breath paled the light of the lamps, stifled the perfume of the flowers—yes, shadowed with a dim cloud the bright, adored eyes which turned to him trustfully.

No one noticed the quick, uneasy glances which Delorme frequently cast at the open windows and doors.

No one dreamed that a chilling dread pressed on his mad joy—a joy, the more passionate and wild that he knew not what moment it might be snatched from him.

Drink, drink deep, Delisle Delorme, of the cup of life which this lovely young creature holds to your long-parched lips, for you know not what instant it may be dashed to earth!

Look up into your lover's face with those deep eyes of faith, Barbara, for you know not what hour you may be blinded by the tears of doubt and despair.

One person in that thronged house suspected that all was not right with the accepted suitor—suspected, but knew nothing positive—had not a single stray fact upon which to build up his purpose to break the match.

Herman Rensselaer had passed a week, the longest in his life, of silent struggle with his disappointment, of tossing passions, sullen resolves. His uncle, so proud and happy as to be garrulous, had tortured him from day to day, by incessant dwelling on the subject nearest his heart—had talked to him about his cousin's marriage-portion, about Delorme's fine qualities, about the wedding-to-be, until he was almost wild, yet could not give a sign of what he suffered. On this evening, his duty as a member of the household, compelled him to make himself agreeable to the guests—so here was another wearing the mask on his face.

At last all the invited had arrived, and Delisle and Barbara could leave their post to join the dancers in the great hall. Barbara had a rapturous waltz with her betrothed. Then cousin Herman claimed her for a partner.

“What makes you so pale and dull these last few days, Herman? Are you not well?” she asked, as she stood with her small gloved hand resting lightly on his shoulder, waiting for the turn of the music.

“No; heart-sick, cousin.”

“Heart-sick?” smiling.

“Yes—at thought of you some time leaving the old place.”

“Perhaps we shall not leave it—I shall coax Delisle to stay here. Do you think I'm going off alone with him to live in a strange country. Not I. He must give up his land for mine. And, at all events, Herman, you must marry, too. You must bring some sweet little girl to share the big house with us. Indeed, it is high time you were looking out for her, cousin Herman. Is there no one here to-night fair enough to suit you, sir?”

By this time they were flying down the long hall. Herman was rather squarely built, and not usually of the most graceful movement; but he waltzed superbly. The music beat in his blood, glowed in his eyes and thrilled along the nerves of the strong arm with which he upheld his partner until the contagion of the rhythm was imparted to her, too, and they floated together round and round as by the impulse of one brain.

“Oh, I do love waltzing!” cried Barbara, her cheeks like roses when the cessation of the music compelled a stop of the twinkling feet. “I could keep on forever! And you certainly are the best waltzer that ever breathed, cousin!”

“Better than Delorme?”

“Oh, yes. If life was nothing but one long waltz I should prefer you for a partner, any minute,” and she laughed.

“I wish life was one long waltz, then,” he whispered, while his eyes blazed out suddenly on her, startling her and making her feel uncomfortable. “Come! you will not refuse me one more, since it is the only thing I can do to please you!”

She glanced over at Delorme. He was chatting politely with a *passé* young lady who appeared deeply interested in what he was saying.

“Well, one more, cousin. But it would be in better taste for you to ask the other girls. There are several waiting for partners.”

“Let them wait. Do not begrudge Lazarus a drop of water to cool his burning tongue. But the favored ones in heaven think little of the sufferers in hell!” She looked up at him, puzzled by his sharp words and bitter tone,

“What has come over you, Herman?”

“Oh, nothing! Nothing at all! I have lost the one treasure which outweighed life and death, this world, and the next, to me. But it is a trifle—not worth disturbing your pleasure about. Besides, I am unwilling to lose this waltz. I like you for a partner, Barbara, as well as you do me. Come!—this is ecstasy!”

In the whirl of the waltz Barbara could not think clearly; but she was astonished to hear her sober, unemotional cousin talk so violently; besides which she had an uncomfortable dread that he was reproaching her for engaging herself to Delorme.

Could it be that her cousin himself loved her—in that way! absurd! ridiculous! impudent! But no, of course it could not be. He was referring to something quite different, probably. Perhaps little Kitty Stayvesant had refused him!

She did not enjoy this waltz as thoroughly as she had the other, and when it was over she ran away from Herman immediately, soon finding herself promenading on Delorme's arm.

“Would you like the fresh air, Barbara? Shall we walk on the porch?”

They stepped through a window of the library onto a side porch, at that moment deserted by all save themselves. The briars which clambered along the railing and up the pillars glowed scarlet in the light from the windows and the countless lanterns on the lawn, for the fingers of the frost had painted them.

A flake of wind from the river loosened a shower of these leaves and sent them flying over Barbara's white dress.

Her lover smiled.

“Even Nature must do something toward beautifying my darling to-night,” he said.

They stood by the railing, listening to the fainter pulse of the music and looking off at the enchantment of the illuminated grounds, but conscious of nothing except that they were alone together. In that supreme moment, with fortitude doing all for their young happiness, Delorme, for a time, forgot even the specter. Eliss seemed assured. Barbara's small gloved hand rested in his. Barbara's dark eyes dropped under his lover's gaze. Barbara's sweet, sweet lips were so near—he had but to bend his head to kiss them.

Heavens! how lovely she looked, in her white dress and her white roses—Barbara, only seventeen, and soon to be his wife.

He stood proudly smiling down upon her, when suddenly she flashed one of her curious, willful, splendid glances at him, and spoke: “I wish I knew, Delisle, how you had spent every minute of the last ten years of your life.”

Foolish child! Was she so sure of happiness that she could afford to pull down a dark curtain over this glorious hour?

The shadow fell over her lover's face again. For a week he had made a desperate effort to forget those ten years—to be as if they had not been. She brought them back to him, willfully.

“I wish I could obliterate those ten years, and then Barbara would not be jealous of them,” he said, sadly.

“Jealous! Well, I dare say I am jealous—terribly so. That is my fault, Delisle. Of course, you know I have plenty of faults.

Friends could not be jealous of you, Barbara.

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over. It was a letter addressed to himself—"Mr. Little Volcano," the address looking queer enough to him. The writing was plainly that of a woman, small and characteristic, though even and regular.

Half-suspecting the truth, yet trying to doubt, Little Volcano looked up from his inspection, intending to question Chough Lee—but the Celestial was gone, had vanished as silently as had been his coming. Old Zimri's jaws fell and his eyes dilated as he drew closer to the fire.

"They's the devil's work goin' on yere—I can't make it out! I was watchin' him all the time—didn't even wink with both eyes to once—and he just melted away. Tain't healthy 'round yere—I'm gwine to puckles!" he affirmed, in an unsteady tone.

"He had his orders, no doubt, and slipped off when we wasn't looking. But this—is this note; it's from her, I think—what shall I do about it?"

"Chuck it in the fire—don't hold it no longer, don't, little 'un," muttered the superstitious hunter, casting an uneasy glance around them. "That's some trick in it—critters like him don't kerry letters for nothin'—chuck it in the fire and le's git out o' yere while we kin—"

Little Volcano broke into a merry laugh at his superstitious friend's words; then, acting on a sudden impulse, he tore open the wafer note. There was neither address nor superscription inside. The words were evidently written in great haste, if not strong agitation.

"You are in great danger. Six men are following you. They are promised a large sum if they murder you. They start to-night. I send you this by a sure hand. There can be no mistake. I can place all confidence in my informant. I pray God that I may be in time! Be careful, for my sake."

So the note ran. Its contents were both bitter and sweet. She—for right well he knew that Mary Morton wrote those words—bade him be cautious for her sake. But this informant in whom she could place all confidence—could it be the man with whom she held that stolen interview beside the spring? Who was he then, that knew so much of Sleepy George and his—Hah! Like magic came the remembrance of the handsome young gambler—Laughing Dick—the same figure—could it be? If so, all might be accounted for—except her treachery.

"You can read it, old man," he said, shortly, turning the paper over to Coon, who slowly, laboriously spelled out each word.

"It seems plain enough," was his quiet comment. "The gal means well, no doubt. Pity she's stuck up with such mean trash as she must 'a' did, to know so much. Jedgin' from what you told me t'other night, little 'un, you've did the wisest thing you could in leaving Hard Luck ahind ye. A gal like that ain't the one to tie to—though I must say you couldn't pick up a purtier bit o' human flesh in a month's travel. But that is it. Looks mighty 'ceivin', like a hafe-ripe persimmon."

"You don't—don't think I could have deceived myself?" asked Little Volcano, striving to speak coolly, but with an eager, longing light in his eyes that only too plainly shadowed forth the answer he wished, rather than hoped to receive.

"From what you told me, I judge that was ready did to your hand," dryly replied Coon. "Now look, little 'un. Either you seed what you see'd, or you didn't. You wasn't drunk then, whatever you mought a' bin after. You saw her—or rather him—a-huggin' her, an' she a-takin' it just as though she liked it. You saw 'em kissin', too. Now, honest, little 'un, what kind of a woman is it that'll tell a feller she loves him harder'n a mule kin kick frozen pumpkins down hill, an' then go an' hug an' slobber kiss'es all over another he-critter's mug that very same night?"

Little Volcano made no answer, but sat moodily staring at the faintly-glowing embers, crumpling the warning note in his hand.

"We know this much. She hasn't got no 'lations in the world, 'cept that woman which fit the road-agents that day—clär grit, she is! pity the little cuse she hitched to didn't hev some o' it! You know she don't got no 'lations—yea hear Miss Champion say so, same I did. Then who is it she met out yender in the night? Twasn't a honest man, or he'd come out flatfooted an' played his hand like a man. Mebe 'twas Long Tom—they say he's little old blazes 'mong the petticoats. You mustn't flare up, little 'un. Twas 'ither him or somebody else as she was ashamed to meet an' claim in open day. El 'twas him, thar's some things made clär. You told her whar you was goin'. Now how did them cusses find out so much? How did that pesky, slippery John know whar to find us? Why didn't he wait for us to ax some questions? Beca'se he was afraid we'd find out too much."

"Thar's reason in what you say, pard, and yet—I cannot believe her so false! You may laugh at me—call me a simple fool, if you will—but if ever woman was in sober earnest, she was when she told me she loved me. I'll stake my life on that," earnestly cried the boy miner.

"An' so, I don't doubt, would t'other feller," quietly interposed the old man. "Rough an' tough old cuss as I be, little 'un, in my time, I tell you, boy—but thar I won't say no more. Keep your faith while ye kin. Think the best of the little gal; but make up your mind to b'ar the wu'st after all. Wait patiently ontel our work's did up, then you kin go to her an' ax her to make a clean breast of it. Ef she kin 'spain away that night's job, they won't be nobody gladder to knowidge his misleigment than me, nor nobody readier to beg her pardon for what I've said. But at the same time, I lad, stick up for your rights. Member she's giv' you the right to hedge her, when she 'cepted your love an' said she cottoned to you. Ef she did what you think wrong in your own sister, don't play it right in her. Be honest with yourself, an' the good Lord will make every crooked thing straight as don't deserve to stay crooked."

Zimri drew a long breath after delivering himself of this sermon, unusually serious for him, and looked wistfully at his young comrade, whose thoughts were evidently far away. Yet the words were not unheeded. As the old man ceased, the boy miner put forth his hand, with a look of sincere friendship. Strangely mated as they were, love, pure and steadfast as even united brothers born, bound them to each other.

"The time'll come, little 'un, when we'll laugh wu'sn twin guinea-pigs over all this bother. It's all in a lifetime, anyway. But now—I reckon we'd better kin'le up the fire an' git a bite o' grub. It's 'bout time we war on the tramp ag'in. Ef them fellers is ater us, we've wasted too much time a'ready. We mustn't let 'em git too fur ahead o' us. Knowin' just about whar to look, they mought accidently stumle on the placer. Fight or no fight, we must strike the fast pick thar, or miner's law'll be ag'in' us."

"Though the gift come from a blood-stained hand, I hold that I earned it honestly, and

those who think to have the good of it must climb over me, first."

A desultory conversation followed, generally dealing with their plans for meeting the machinations of any interlopers, but it need not be recorded here.

The fire was kindled anew, a pot of coffee was soon boiling, and bits of bacon toasting. The savor awakened their appetites, and both ate heartily of the rude viands, washing it down with pure cool water from the spring.

A peculiar sound filled the air—long drawn, shrill and unearthly. The eyes of the old hunter sparkled eagerly as he peered out into the darkness.

"Thar's music fer ye, little 'un! Sweeter to me than the voice o' woman—a heap!

"Fecionate critter, too—a man don't fergit a love-hug from them arms wu'st soon—not muc'l!"

"I sounds like a woman screaming in agony" muttered Little Volcano, his eyes dilating.

"It's like a woman in more things than that," chucked old Coon. "Nuther on 'em kin be 'pended on longer'n ye kin wink twice. They both—listen!"

Again that weird, mournful cry—rising and falling, full of a peculiar music, fascinating yet terrible—dying away in a sobbing moan. Then all was still—seemingly tenfold so as the echoes died away. Little Volcano recognized it now; the voice of the panther.

"We'd better be travelin', I reckon," cried Coon, looking to his weapons. "The smell 'll draw her here, an' twouldn'st scarcely do to burn powder not knowin' who's our neighbors. Ef the varmint takes our trail, why then we'll he yo' wipe it out, but I don't reckon she'lloller us—"

Without warning growl or snarl, a huge beast sprang into the firelit circle, crouching down, brushing the sword with its long tail, showing its white teeth, its sharp claws, a phosphorescent light streaming from its eyes—a panther, in the full prime of strength and vigor—at terrible fo'e!

CHAPTER XIX.

CRAZY BILLY TAKES A HAND IN THE GAME.

For the second time that evening—almost within the hour—Zimri Coon stood face to face with a disagreeable visitor, and now, as then, he wished himself far away from the spot. Not that he feared to measure his skill against the brute—he could show marks of at least two deaths grapples with like antagonists, and his was truly a hunter's spirit. But since he knew that the enemy was upon their trail—possibly even then within earshot—he felt that a single shot might prove fatal to his hopes. Hence it was, that he did not attempt to use his rifle, though the panther lay scarce twenty feet away, in the full glare of the little campfire.

"Mind your eye, little 'un!" he muttered, crouching forward in readiness to meet the threatened leap, holding his long knife firmly. "Cold steel must do it—for your life don't burn powder!"

The terrible beast drew back, sitting upon its haunches, quivering in every muscle as though about to launch its lithe body forward, grinding and baring its curved talons—purring loudly, like a mammoth cat.

Then—as Zimri held his breath in expectation of receiving the fierce onset—a wild looking figure glided into the firelight with the noiseless foot of a bodiless spirit, pausing beside the panther, whose purr changed to a low whine of joy, as it rubbed its sleek head against the man's legs.

"Wal, I ber-durned!" snorted Zimri Coon, dropping his weapon in abject surprise. "The hull darned menaderry bu'sted loose and come to give us a benefit! Call up the rist—don't be bashful—wultz out the hull tormented outfit—oh, Lord!"

"Don't you remember—it's him—Crazy Billy," muttered Little Volcano, "and that's the panther we saw—"

"Crazy Billy—yes, they call me crazy," interrupted the hermit, turning back his long, tangled locks. "They laugh at me, and call me crazy—the fools! They are envious of me—that is all. Am too wise—they cannot understand me—that is the reason. And yet my head does whirl round and round, sometimes, and aches and throbs until I go to sleep—but that is only when I try to remember what happened ages and ages ago—before this world was built. My head never hurt then—I was so happy and contented, with her! But he came—he crawled across our path—a cold, slimy devil! His evil eyes—they burn me now! There was honey on his tongue, but it could sting—it stung her, and she died—did she die? They told me so—but I know they lied! He stole her away, and hid her in one of the stars. I heard her call to me—I was going to help her, but he covered up the star and I lost my way. I look and look—but I can't find it; can you tell me? Tell me where my angel is, and I will bless you—"

The comrades listened to his incoherent outburst with feelings akin to awe, so passionate was the hermit's utterance. But before they could answer his appeal, his air changed abruptly, and he spoke to Little Volcano, in a quiet, composed tone, entirely free from any trace of insanity.

"I am glad to see you, Harry. I have been looking for you, ever since that day—when I was taken ill. You are in danger—there are mes upon your trail, sworn to have your life. I saw them—I listened to their words. They never guessed that Beauty and I were so near them."

The panther, recognizing its name, arose and placed its forepaws upon Crazy Billy's shoulders, rubbing its cheek against his face with a low, eager whine.

"Kin you tell what they be now?" eagerly demanded Zimri.

Crazy Billy looked at him vacantly, as though not understanding his words, but when Little Volcano repeated the query, his face lightened immediately, and he pointed toward the east, saying:

"They are there. They smoke and eat and drink around the fire, and tell their secrets to Beauty and I. I looked, but he wasn't there, so I come on to find you, Harry."

"Ax him to take us what we kin git a fa'squint at the riptyes, little 'un," muttered Zimri. "No," he added, quickly, reading aright the boy miner's look. "I don't mean to make no fuss with 'em. We caint su'er they're ater us, ye know. Twon't do to give 'em no furder hold on us. They's bin a heap o' talk a'ready, an' twouldn't take much more to set the vigilants hot foot on our backs—an' you know what that is; hangin' fast, trial afterwards, 'vidin' they ha'int too busy stringin' up some other critter. I jist want to git a look at 'em—to sorter mark 'em down in my knowledge box, so I'll know jist whar to hit, when the time comes. Ax him."

"Will you take us to where those men are?" asked the boy miner, touching Crazy Billy on the shoulder, to draw his attention from the fawning panther.

The hermit started and looked up, but the steady light of reason was gone, and in its place

came the old, restless look, bright but unmeaning.

"Listen! don't you hear—that humming sound? It grows louder and louder—ha! hold my head—quick!" and he caught Little Volcano's hands and pressed them to his forehead. "That is it—they're growin' queer, now. You must stay with me, though. If you go away again, they will get angry, and go humming and buzzing louder and louder, until my head flies to pieces—that is what he wants. He put them in there—listen—don't even whisper-hornets!"

Little Volcano could scarce keep his countenance at the idea of this perambulating hornet's nest, while Zimri was forced to turn aside to snicker in his sleeve. Crazy Billy, however, seemed to see nothing of all this. He started suddenly, glanced quickly around, with widely dilated eyes, then picked up his heavy staff and motioned the miners to follow him.

"Will you show us where these bad men are, then?" persisted the boy miner.

"Come—they are calling—I can't wait!" impatiently cried the hermit, pausing and glancing back.

"Shall we—"

"I reckon. Mebbe he'll take us thar—even if he does lead us on a fool trail, 'twon't be much lost time. It's most too dark to find out just who we've got to buck aginst," replied Zimri, pressing forward.

"If he don't run us right into their camp—that might be awkward," said the boy miner, half-laughing.

"He said they had a fire. I reckon we kin keep from that. But s'pose we—durn that stab!" as he tripped and nearly fell headlong over a root, just recovering himself. "Ef we do—that's two things. Mebbe they'll play sleep—try to make out they was after some other sort o' game; or they'll go fer us ker-chuk! I reckon we kin play to either hand—but mind ye, little 'un; ef it comes to downright work, jest put in your best licks. It'll be either them or us. 'Twon't do to let even one on 'em go back to tell what's come o' others. You understand?"

"I won't begin the quarrel, but when it does come, I'll try my best to make my teeth meet, you can be sure of that," laughed Little Volcano. "A fellow can only die once, and when I go under there's going to be a benefit for somebody besides myself—sure!"

There was little more said. Crazy Billy led the way—or rather followed the lead of Beauty, who glided steadily along like a well-trained hound upon a scent, only differing in not giving mouth. Close at his heels followed the comrades, doggedly determined to see the end, though far from feeling sure that the hermit's destination was the one they desired. They could only hope—he turned a deaf ear to all their questions, stalking on without even noticing them by a look.

"Look yender!" suddenly muttered Zimri, pointing ahead. "Thar's a fire—hold by—Stop!" and he caught Crazy Billy by the shoulder.

With a single motion the hermit freed himself, though with a force that caused the miner to reel and his arm to tingle for an hour after. But as Little Volcano touched his shoulder he stood silent and submissive.

"Call in Beauty—we must creep up closer. Can you keep him quiet?" whispered the boy miner.

At a sign the panther fell back like a pointer coming to heel. Nor did Crazy Billy seem less submissive, as they cautiously advanced toward the glimmering camp-fire. Ten minutes sufficed. At the end of that time they peered out upon the encampment of Long Tom's emissaries.

They had evidently eaten heartily. Sprawled at full length around the fire, they were smoking and drinking, talking over their prospects of finding their "game." Though as yet no names had been spoken the miners could not long doubt who and what that game was.

"Well, ketch 'em up to-morrer, sartin," quoth Sleepy George. "We ain't more'n a dozen miles from whar the valley is—of I ain't wrong—in which we'll find the gold. They won't be lookin' fer us—I reckon they think they done played it mighty fine. We'll let 'em git fair'y to work, so they can't be no mistake, then we'll out an' make a clean job on it."

"But about this placer—I don't exactly understand the rights of it," said Laughing Dick, rising to replenish his pipe. "Is the boss to come in for the lion's share of that?"

"Not much—he sais what we make is so much clear out the pocket, too; an' mebbe 'twill pan out enough fer us all to turn gentlemen—who knows?" grinned the bummer.

Little Volcano drew a long breath as the young gambler arose. That same figure—it must be!

"Easy!" muttered Zimri, pressing the lad's arm, reading his thought and fearing he was about to draw a weapon. "Member your promise! The time hain't—Ge-thunder!"

There was good cause for his exclamation. As the boy miner released his grasp upon Crazy Billy's shoulder, the hermit arose and bounded out into full view, gliding up to the fire.

The outlaws stared in surprise, and for a moment seemed about to make a break for cover, but then a low, devilish chuckle from Sleepy George reassured them.

"Who's lacik ain't on our side? Thar's one o' the worms now, a-axin' us suckers to smaller him. That's the cuss they call Crazy Billy—mighty kind to save us so much trouble. Hyar goes fer that—"

"Boss said we must take him last," put in one fellow.

"Who's to tell him better? What's the use in waitin' to hunt for what's run right in our grip? You jest watch—see how pretty I'll play bugs on the cuss, an' he'll never know it," chuckled the miscreant, arising and gliding toward the hermit.

Crazy Billy seemed unconscious of his peril, and Little Volcano half-rose to rush to his assistance. But it was not needed. Before Sleepy George was within arm's length of his intended victim, a long dark body shot through the air, alighting full upon the bummer's breast, hurling him heavily to the ground. It was Beauty.

With shouts of anger and alarm, the outlaws sprung to their feet, drawing pistols and knives. But, before they could do more, Crazy Billy uttered a peculiar cry and sprung into the darkness, immediately followed by Beauty.

"Kill 'em—kill 'em!" screamed Sleepy George, but his voice was drowned by a sharp report, and he fell back with a wild yell of agony.

CHAPTER XX.

OLD ZIMRI MAKES A DISCOVERY.

ZIMRI COON it was that fired that shot. Though nothing was further from his wishes than a collision with Long Tom's party, at least just then, the crisis found him ready for

work. As Sleepy George drew near his intended victim both of the ambushed miners covered his heart with their firearms; but Beauty required no assistance, and the bummer was stricken down. Sleepy George's comrades answered his yell for help promptly enough, but before they could make use of their weapons Crazy Billy appeared to awaken from his trance-like state and, calling to the panther, bounded over. Sleepy George sprang to his feet—only to reel back, his face covered with blood as the spiteful crack of the old dig

THE INVALID'S WISH.

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

Would I could gather the sunshine,
And bind it forever within
My heart where the blackness of midnight
Broods like the shadow of sin!
Never a glimpse of the woodland!
Never a breath of the flowers!
Never a gleam of the amber light
Comes through the wearisome hours!

Never a sound of the brooklets
That sleep in the cool shade fell,
Or notes from the birds whose music
Sweet stories of autumn-time tell!
Nothing but darkness and sadness,
And dreams that are fleeting and vain,
And a yearning wish for one brief hour
Of freedom from care and pain!

Oh! that my feet could wander
Over the meadows brown
Through the blithe woods of England
Till the leaves are blowing down—
Floating and drifting forever
In a shower of crimson rain,
While the silvery brooklet singeth
A sad and sweet strain!

I would gather the scarlet blossoms,
And the leaves of tincted gold,
And twine a wreath for the faded brow
Of the summer-grown old.
I will gather the blossoms one by one
That are left in the shady spot,
And plant them in the sunniest spot
That I know they love so well.

Ah! well! in the blessed "some time"
I will watch for the skies of May,
And the balmy winds of summer
To banish all care away;
I will welcome the mellow autumn
With its golden boughs down,
And the amber clouds that float and float,
And the glowing sun.

I will roan o'er meadows golden,
Starred with the autumn flowers;
I will gather the leaves sweet summer left
To die in her faded bower;
I will linger amid the sunshine,
That maketh the autumn bright,
And forget that ever a sorrow comes,
Or a gloomy night.

The Men of '76.

SAMUEL ADAMS,

"The Father of the Revolution."

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

[WITH this paper we close the series of Men of '76. Not that we have treated all the leading characters of that most important and interesting period; for there are many others eminently entitled to notice, whose labors and sacrifices were as signal, and whose personal merits were as great as some of those chosen for notice. The Lee brothers, John Hancock, Joseph Read, Hugh Mercer, St. Clair, Herkimer, Livingston, Glover, Otho Williams, Robert Treat Paine, Otis, Dickinson, Lachlan McIntosh, Alexander McDougal, Charles Lee, George Clinton, Jay, Gadsden, Huger, Charles Pinckney, Deane, Routledge, "Light-Horse Harry" Lee—and all were "men of history," whose memory must be dear to every patriotic soul. But, as our primary design was to tell the story of the Revolution as exemplified in the lives of its authors and actors, we have so fulfilled that design that almost every important act of the Revolution, from its incipency to the establishment of the present Federal Government, has been given. The reader who has perused such a knowledge of the origin, rise and formation of the Republic as more formal and pretentious history does not always convey. It has been our aim to write with the precision, clearness and the fullness essential to a perfect picture of the times, the men, the events and the results—with what success our readers must determine.]

As Washington is very properly styled "The Father of His Country" so to Samuel Adams is due the honor of being named "The Father of the Revolution." Long before other men even thought of a separation from the mother country, this clear-headed, courageous man was talking of that event as a necessity. Indeed, from his very college days was an earnest, eloquent champion of Colonial liberty; so that when other men began to talk of resistance to parliament and ministry Samuel Adams was already a "veteran" in the cause of people against crown.

Samuel Adams was born in Purchase street, Boston, Sept. 22d, 1722. Like John Adams, his cousin, he was of full "Puritan" ancestry, and like him was educated at Harvard, from which he graduated with the promise of a brilliant future. To good scholarship he united a mind of great native strength and a power of expression that marked him for the popular leader.

On taking the degree of M. A., 1742, his thesis was: "Whether it be lawful to resist the Supreme Magistrate if the Commonwealth cannot be otherwise preserved." He espoused the affirmative and in that notable address announced those principles which, ere long, made him the head and directing mind of the patriotic party—a party small enough then, but under his leadership it so gained strength and acceptance, especially among the wealthy and influential, that when, in 1763, it was announced that the British ministry had it in view to "tax the Colonies, for the purpose of raising a revenue, which was to be placed at the disposal of the crown," the word *revolt* was everywhere heard. Boston answered by naming a committee to express the feeling of its people regarding taxation without Colonial consent or representation in Parliament, and to instruct her representatives in the General Court (Assembly). These instructions were drawn by Samuel Adams. They were a cogent and conclusive argument against the right of taxation by the British Parliament—the first public document which assumed that advanced ground and betrayed the spirit of resistance to the enforcement of such a right. The document is also memorable as suggesting a mutual correspondence among the Colonies and an "understanding" for their common interests—out of which sprung the idea of confederation and co-operation in a common cause. These "instructions" were published and rapidly spread through all the Colonies, producing a profound impression. The General Court responded by directing the Colonial agent of the Province, in London, to protest and use all means to prevent the passage of such an act. Franklin was that agent. How he obeyed orders we have seen. [See sketch of Franklin.]

In 1765 Adams was elected a member of the General Court, for the town of Boston, and thereafter was the pronounced champion of people and Colony as against Parliament, ministry and crown. His attitude was so deliberately defiant, and his influence so marked, that every royalist was startled, and many of the timid patriots protested, fearing that his lead would lead to open rupture.

From protests and pleas the Court soon proceeded to threats, and the people to combinations to resist all attempts to collect from them revenue for the king; and the ministry, in return, planted troops and vessels of war in Boston to enforce Parliamentary acts. The spirit of hostility was fanned to a flame, and finally,

on March 5th, 1770, a collision occurred, by which four citizens were killed. The British Government was now forced strictly to the defensive, for the Colonies all were afire and ripe for revolt. Sons of Liberty daily increased in numbers; Colonial legislatures were dissolved by royal governors only to reassemble as Conventions, to organize "treason." Samuel Adams was deeply involved in the "treasonable acts" in his Colony; and, corresponding constantly with patriots in other Colonies, did much to encourage and shape the movements for resistance. As early as 1768 he abandoned all hope of justice from king or Parliament and wrote, spoke in public, and talked in private for American independence. When the massacre of March 5th occurred, Adams, in the name of the people, in a most memorable scene with Governor Hutchinson, compelled him to withdraw the two royal regiments wholly from Boston, and thereafter they were known as "Sam Adams' regiments."

In the *Boston Gazette* he wrote of public events in a manner well calculated to increase the "arrogant spirit of rebellion." As a consequence he became known in England as "one of the most dangerous of the malcontents;" and, as neither threats nor persuasion would silence him, a plan was conceived to buy him to silence. In 1774 a patent of nobility and 2,000 guineas per year were offered him if he would "support the government." This offer General Gage submitted through Col. Fenton, adding, as the alternative of rejection of the offer, "the anger of the king." Samuel Adams, glowing with indignation, answered: "Sir, I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of Kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the cause of my country. Tell General Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people." Adams then was poor. Men who regarded wealth and position more than principle found in his patriotism something amazing; patriots found in it the evidence of an honest man.

Adams was sent to the first Continental Congress, which he had done so much to call into existence. In that Congress he was an organizing mind. With convictions settled on "resistance to tyranny," he had no sympathy whatever with schemes for compromise. As a consequence when General Gage—then acting as governor—proclaimed martial law, in Boston, June 12th, 1775, he pronounced Samuel Adams and John Hancock proscribed from pardon for "offenses of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other than condign punishment." That, of course, confirmed Adams and Hancock in the regard of the people, in whose keeping life and honor were safe.

Adams served in every Congress until 1781. It is on record that as early as April, 1775, he wrote: "I am perfectly satisfied of the necessity of a public and explicit declaration of independence. I cannot conceive what good reason can be assigned against it," etc.—arguing earnestly for it. And when the great act was up for consideration, he delivered on the floor of Congress a speech which now is remembered as one of the great events of that epoch of moments when Freedom was in the throes of its birth.

When war was inaugurated, and the tide of reverse seemed to doom the cause to early defeat, Samuel and John Adams were literal towers of strength. When Philadelphia was won by the British, and the enemy rioted in the Quaker City, Congress fled and resumed its sittings with only twenty-eight members. Most of these were dejected enough, and to some the cause seemed wholly lost. "Indeed it is desperate," said Sam Adams, "if this be our language. If we despair, let us not expect that others will hope, or that they will persevere in a contest from which their leaders shrink." Such calm courage had its reward. Congress was firm and undismayed, to all other eyes. None knew it had almost abandoned its work, until after the victory was won.

Of Mr. Adams a contemporary writer (Galway): "Reflections on the Rise and Progress of the American Rebellion" (London, 1780) said: "He eats little, drinks little, sleeps little, thinks much, and is most indefatigable in the pursuit of his object. It was this man who, by his superior application, managed at once the factions in Congress at Philadelphia and the factions of New England." Every word of which others have verified. He managed *factions* not so much by art and maneuver as by strength of will and the spirit of a patriotism without personal ambition or mercenary taint.

And of his person, dress and manners we have this picture, drawn by a graphic pen, in a late number of Harper's Magazine: "Though but little above the medium height, Mr. Adams' erect carriage gave him the appearance of being tall. To the last he wore the tie-wig cocked hat, knee-breeches, buckled shoes and red cloak. Though cordial, he was always somewhat formal. There was something in his aspect and manner that, once having seen the man, made it impossible to forget him—florid complexion, clear, dark-blue eyes (no glasses), heavy, almost bushy, eyebrows, and a countenance whose benignant, majestic expression never failed to impress strangers."

Adams retired from Congress in 1781 (having already served as a member of the convention that formed the first State constitution of Massachusetts) to take his seat in the State Senate. Of this body he was elected President, and so served until 1789, when he was elected Lieutenant-Governor. That office he held until 1794, when John Hancock having died, Adams was chosen Governor as his successor, and was annually re-elected for three terms. Then, worn with the cares of office, he was permitted to retire to the private life whose repose he had so well earned.

Many incidents are given of the respect and honor paid him in retirement. All classes regarded him with a touching veneration and affection. Eminent persons visiting Boston sought an interview, and carried away with them most agreeable impressions of the aged patriot's benignant manners and fine intelligence. It is related that, in 1800, when Governor Strong passed along Winter street, at the head of an immense military procession, he stopped before the old man's house and with uncovered head saluted the venerable statesman, who stood on his front steps. The military presented arms, and the vast multitude, with uncovered heads, witnessed the silent but deeply impressive scene.

He died at his Winter street residence, October 2d, 1803—having attained the advanced age of eighty-two years. It is said that, had he not inherited property by the death of his only son, he must have been buried by the hand of charity. He had only lived to serve his country and his State, and from their pitifully meager salaries had been able to save nothing.

Adams was not, like very many of the prominent men of the revolutionary period, a disbeliever in the Christian religion. With Jefferson's infidelity and French "red republican-

* For this speech see THE CENTENNIAL SPEAKER, No. 18, of the "Dime Speakers" series," published by Beadle and Adams.

"ism" he not only had no sympathy, but expressed both disgust and dislike in such unequivocal terms as to bring down upon him many a bitter taunt at his own fierce "Federalism" and aristocratic views. But Adams was no "aristocrat." He was a thorough republican in the sense of faith in representative government, and will ever be revered as one having a far-seeing and most enlightened view of the rights of the people and the needs of a law and ordinance which ruled them.

At his burial bells tolled; business was sus-

pended; flags in the city and harbor were at half-mast; minute guns were fired by the garrison at Fort Independence and by artillery companies; a great concourse of people headed by the military was his escort to the Granary burial ground, where his body was placed in the Checkley tomb, beside the remains of his first wife, Elizabeth Checkley.

"When quite close, raising myself in the stirrups, I shot him square through the head. That laid him out; and a fine fellow he was, weighing at least twelve hundred pounds.

"When sure that he was knocked out of time, I dismounted and cut his throat, to bleed him, as I was anxious to take some of the meat home with me.

"By this time it was dark, but, as I was determined to have his skin, I knew I must skin him at once, since he might freeze during the night, and then it would be a difficult job to do in the morning. Tying my horse to a tree, I commenced to skin him, and was getting along nicely, when I heard a horse whinny further up the creek, which caused me to stop my work at once, and springing for my gun, which I had neglected to load, I was not long in loading, for I well knew by that whinny that I had neighbors near by, and knowing that there were no white men in that country, nearer than the station, twenty miles away, I felt sure the horse must belong to some war-party of Indians, and if so, they had no doubt heard my rifle-shot, and I might expect a call from them at any moment.

"So, leaving the bear partly skinned, I mounted my horse and made tracks for the timber along the creek. When out of sight of the dark woods, I waited and listened for a long time, expecting every moment to hear the stealthy approach of Mr. 'Lo.' After waiting, probably, half an hour, I concluded to leave my horse securely tied, and on foot find out to whom the horse belonged that had caused all this alarm.

"Cautiously keeping up the creek, I pressed on for half a mile, when I began to hear animals moving, and soon discovered quite a number of horses grazing, close to the edge of the timber. By this I knew I was approaching a camp of some kind, and my movements became more cautious.

"Presently, from the opposite side of the creek, where the stream ran close to the mountain, I saw a light coming apparently from the side of the mountain. Crawling closer, I made out what I took to be a 'dug-out' in the side of the mountain. Now, this looked more like white men's work than 'Injun's.' Listening, I heard men's voices; and they were white men. Now, for what white men could have a 'dug-out' up here in the mountains, was what puzzled me. Surely it must be some trappers.

"But I had heard of no trappers in the hills that fall, there being no beaver-dams on that stream. Nevertheless they were white men, and I was determined to find out who they were.

"Walking boldly up to the entrance, I pulled at a buffalo robe (that was hung up for a door), and shouted: 'Hello in there!'

"In a second all voices were hushed, and I heard a general scrambling for guns, and could hear the sharp click, click, of men cocking guns, pistols, etc. In a moment more one called out: 'Who's there?' 'Only a white man—a hunter,' was my reply. Then the same voice spoke: 'Come in! What are you standing out there for?'

"Raising the buffalo-robe door, I stooped a little, and stepped inside. As I did so, my eyes rested on nine of rough set of fellows as I ever had the fortune to look upon. I says:

"'Good-evening, gentlemen. Did you think I was an Indian?'

"The man who had invited me in answered: 'We did not know who you were, and as we did not expect company this evening we were somewhat surprised to hear a man's voice, knowing that our party were all in the dug-out.'

"Looking at each of the party, I soon discovered that I had seen two of these men before. I took a seat on a pack-saddle, and looking around the dug-out—where were scattered saddles, bridles, mess-kits, etc.—my eyes caught sight of a saddle that I immediately recognized as having once belonged to a wagon-master, named "Louis Simpson" and had been stolen from him, some weeks before, at Deer Creek Station, while he and "Frank McCarthy" were working some benzine in the ranch. The two men whom I recognized had belonged to "Simpson's gang" but had run away with three or four of his mules; and report said that they had joined a band of stage-robbers and horse-thieves who made their home somewhere in the hills.

"Now I felt sure I had called at the wrong place, and how to get out of it was more than I could tell just at that moment. I was certain of one thing, and that was—that I would like to bid those gentlemen an affectionate 'good-by.' But to do so was easier said than done. I knew that I must not 'let on' that I recognized them, but supposed them to be trappers. If did not take me long to 'tumble' to this conclusion.

"The man who appeared to be the 'boss' of this outfit asked: 'Where is the rest of your party? Why don't they come in?'

"I told him no one was with me, and explained to him who I was, and what I was doing alone so far from the station, and asked them if they had heard my shot. They said no, as probably they were making so much noise in the cabin at the time, it was not likely they could hear a shot a half-mile off. It then occurred to me that I saw a way to get out of this scrape.

"Telling them that I had killed a bear, and hearing one of their horses whinny, supposed some Indians were close by, and had tied my horse in the brush, while I came to find out who my neighbors were, and on nearing their camp, found them to be not Indians, but trappers, and so made bold to call."

"During this conversation I noticed that one and two of the party would go out together, and have a talk, with the excuse that they were getting wood, or looking after their horses. One man seemed to remain out all the time. At last they all came in.

"The man I was talking to asked me if ever I looked into a damp bottle? I told him 'I wouldn't mind getting on the outside of a little tanglefoot, if he would parade a vial.' Then he produced a bottle that once had contained Log Cabin bitters, but now contained some of the worst benzine that I ever flopped my lips over. After taking a drink, I asked him if he had any objections to my staying over night with them. He said, 'I reckon not.'

"Said I: 'All right; I will go and bring my horse, and also bring you a piece of bear-meat.'

"Two of the men spoke up: 'No; you stay here, and we will go after your horse.'

"'No—I will not put you to the trouble,' I put in; 'and besides, you would not find him in an hour. I will go and be back in a few minutes.'

"They insisted on going, but I would not have it, and for good reasons: I wanted to get out of that hole in the mountains. So I finally said: 'Boys, I will leave my gun here, and I will be back shortly.'

"I disliked to leave 'Old Hawkins,' but at the same time, I would willingly leave her, providing I could leave that gang also.

"My two accommodating friends then said they would go with me. Thinking two was better than nine, I remarked: 'All right, boys; here we go, and we will bring back a good chunk of bear meat.' As I went past where 'Old Hawkins' stood, I took one last look at her, but did not offer to take her with me, as it might cause suspicion. I had a good 'Colt's revolver,' and a knife, so I was not so poorly armed, after all.

"Getting out in the dark it did not take me long to find the horse. Untying him, we started up the hill for the bear. With their assistance we soon had the fine fellow skinned. Throwing the skin across my saddle, and taking as much of the meat as we wanted, we started for camp. One of the men, who was holding the horse, proposed that he would lead him. So, starting ahead, it left me with only one man behind him.

"I followed close behind the horse. I was carrying several pieces of the meat, as was also the man in my rear. As we were going up the creek, and every step was bringing me nearer to the outlaws' den, I realized that if I was going to do anything, no time was to be lost. So, letting a piece of the meat drop, I stopped, and asked the man behind me to pick it up, and as he was stooping to do so, quicker than a flash, I dealt him a blow on the back of his head with my revolver, that would have felled an ox. He fell without a groan. Wheeling, with my revolver cocked, I shot the man who had been leading my horse, as he was rushing back to see what was the matter. He fell in his tracks at the report of the pistol. Springing forward I caught my horse; throwing the bear-skin off the saddle, I mounted, and started down the creek, urging my horse to his utmost speed. I would have been all right had not my horse stumbled, and fell among the rocks, bruising us both in the fall.

"This took up most valuable time. I could hear the horse-thieves coming down the creek, shouting and swearing at every step. By the time I was mounted again, they were close upon me, and several bullets whistled close about my ears. The canyon became so rocky that I could hardly get my horse along, and I could see no way to get out of it, as the mountain on either side was so steep. My pursuers were now gaining on me fast, and I knew that to escape I must abandon my horse. So, starting him down the canyon with a good hit, to keep him going, I ran up the side of the mountain for a few yards, and got behind a boulder. I was hardly out of sight, when the whole gang came rushing down the canyon. I could still hear my horse making his way down the creek, and they heard him too; for they were hurrying each other forward, saying: 'There he goes! he can't get through the pass! we will catch him there!'

"After they passed me, I commenced to climb up the mountain, and after a while, I reached the top of the divide, between the two creeks. Then, taking down the divide, I made for the station, minus horse, gun and bear.

"About four o'clock A. M. I reached the station. I went at once to the driver's and pony rider's room, and awoke the boys, among whom was Frank McCarthy, Rob Scott, 'Nailer' Thompson, and several more of the old timers. I soon related to them what had happened. All were anxious to take a trip after the robbers, and as Slade was not at the station, I went and woke old Billy Powers, (chief stock tender,) and told him we wanted nine horses, to go after horse-thieves.

bank-president's daughter, did not make her appearance until the following morning.

With Fred Ashe, however, it was different. He was promptly in his office by half-past seven in the morning; and, strange to say, the first call he received was from old Albert Ray, the lumber-merchant, who gravely informed him that Alice was ill.

Dr. Ashe looked anxious and worried. Late on the night before, as he had said good-night to Alice, at her door, he had noticed that her hand was hot, dry and tremulous. The truth is, he somewhat expected the call this morning. But he answered cheerfully:

"Very good, Mr. Ray; I'll soon be there. I daresay it is nothing—over-fatigue, and," hesitatingly, "some little mental disquietude, perhaps. But I'll tell, certainly, by nine o'clock."

When the old gentleman had gone, the physician strode uneasily up and down his office. There was a singular commingling of emotion on his fine, manly face. An expression of anxiety—almost of fear—was blended with a frown, a real scowl. But his mind was soon diverted—patients dropping in one by one; for Fred Ashe was both skillful and popular. Young though he was, he was already almost worshiped as a "rising sun."

As those who needed his aid came in the young man's brow gradually cleared, the frown passed away, and the wondeful words of cheer and encouragement fell from his lips.

Dr. Ashe was glad that his mind was, temporarily at least, turned into other channels. But at last his office was emptied. Glancing at the clock, he snatched his overcoat and hat, and turned to the door. It was half-past nine o'clock; and he had promised to be at Mr. Ray's at Sixth and Vine, by nine! His hand was on the bolt, when the bell rung with a startling clamor. He opened the door and looked out.

"From Mr. Craig, sir," he said, handing a sealed envelope to the physician.

Fred Ashe tore open the letter, and hastily read it through. When he had finished it, a frown came over his face; and that frown grew darker as he spread out another sheet contained in the envelope, and perused it likewise. But folding the two hastily together, he cast them in a desk, and said to the messenger:

"Very good, Henry; tell Mr. Craig that 'tis all right."

The man bowed and left, while Dr. Ashe hurried at break-neck speed from his office, which was near the corner of Thirteenth and Arch streets.

The truth is—and this may account for his haste—despite her refusal of his proposal, and her confession of love for Clinton Craig, Alice Ray was still very dear, very close to Fred Ashe.

We will 'ay the notes which the physician had received before the reader, despite the fact that the young man had locked them in a desk. The first read thus:

"DEAR FRED:—I am writing this in bed. I am rather ill this morning, and have no idea of turning out till the afternoon. I shall certainly take a good nap after sending you this. Well, Fred, I am afraid I am in trouble. That black villain (villain he is!) is in earnest about that affair of last night, with your soul. I have forgotten. He has some inferior motive for keeping you in his power, I suppose what is it; but it is so dark so dastardly, and treacherous, that I'll not write it. I'll tell you of it when you come. I would get out of the affair just where it stands—considering my honor unanswerable;—but I have no time to do so now. I'll not then be satisfied, though he was the sanguine. I am situated peculiarly and unpleasantly; I would not offend my adopted father; yet I am loth to balk this fellow, especially as he makes a half-appeal to my manhood; ay, and to our three years in camp together. Well, I'll follow the wicked inclinations of my heart. I would shoot the rascal on sight; but I will wait and talk with you. So come see me this evening. Don't disappoint me; I'll certainly expect you here."

"Yours in haste and half-asleep, C. C."

The other note ran as follows:

"CLINTON CRAIG, Esq.:—Sir—I promised you a half-hour ago that you should receive from me again. I have forgot, and never break a promise. I hereby challenge you to mortal combat—the only mode to settle differences that is open to gentlemen; your social status places you in that category. I notify you thus early of my demand upon you, that you may have time to make arrangements to receive my friend, and will do so as soon as practicable. I need not say that should you see fit to decline the proposed meeting, you can easily do so by informing your adopted father, my uncle, of the matter. Should you do so, I shall publish you as a coward, and slap your face in the street, and let the liberty of showing this under your door at this, perhaps, unseasonable hour—three o'clock in the morning."

"Respectfully, etc., ALGERNON FLOYD."

We will follow Dr. Ashe.

At last turning up Sixth street, he was, in a few moments, on the steps of Mr. Ray's residence. He rung, and was admitted at once by the old gentleman himself, who was so anxious about his daughter, that he had not, as was his wont, gone to his lumber-yard, lying in the Richmond district.

"You are late, doctor—almost an hour behind time; and Alice is ill—worse than she was this morning."

The young physician hastily made his excuses, and entered the house. In a few moments he was stepping softly in the room of the sick girl; then he paused by the bedside. He laid his hand quickly upon the burning brow from which the golden tresses were swept back. Next, his finger sought the tell-tale pulse. A few questions rapidly put and answered, and the doctor wrote a hurried prescription.

"She talks wild at times, doctor," whispered the anxious father; "and she calls pitifully for her poor dead mother! It makes me sad enough. Is she seriously ill, doctor, my friend?"

"She is ill, Mr. Ray; I never deceive. She is unconscious now; she has brain fever."

The physician spoke quietly; but it was in a deep, feeling voice.

"Good heaven!" groaned the old man, his iron nature giving away. "She is my all, doctor! my all in a l. Oh! should she be taken from me!"

"Be calm, Mr. Ray; quiet yourself. I said she was ill; I did not say that there was immediate danger. I will watch her closely—very closely, sir; for—"stammering awkwardly—"I am much interested in your daughter."

Alice was indeed unconscious; she was delirious; her mind wandered; she mentioned a name.

Fred Ashe hastily led the old father from the room, and, closing the door, left the sufferer alone for a moment.

By this time, the messenger had returned with the medicine ordered. The doctor taking it, returned to the sick room. Slowly he placed a teaspoonful of the mixture between the poor girl's lips, and allowed it to trickle down her throat. He watched the effect with eager eyes. It was not immediate, and he administered another dose. Once more he waited and watched.

Soon the breathing became less hurried, a gentle perspiration appeared on the dry, hot forehead, the wild, incoherent mutterings ceased, and, turning on her side, the maiden sunk into a deep sleep.

A happy, satisfied expression swept over his face, the doctor stole softly from the room, leaving full directions, and promising to call again at noon, he left the house.

The day wore away, and the shades of another night settled over the snow draped earth.

The bleak north wind was again trooping through the streets, and shaking the frozen branches of the leafless trees in the squares.

Just above the canal-lock beyond the Schuykill dam on the west bank of the river, stood at the time of which we write, a small hotel; it was not very reputable to say the least. It was a small, insignificant establishment, only two stories high, and with one or two outhouses attached. The rear door and windows looked directly on the black waters of the canal. The house was known by the name of the "Locks"; but we are particular that it must not be confounded with the present fine building standing on the same site, and bearing the same name. The "Locks" to which we refer was one night in the winter of 1858, destroyed by fire.

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"Try it," replied his companion, in a husky whisper. "Ay! begin right here, and now! I'll tell you if we succeed, why, Jem Walton will be a rich man in ten days!"

"True enough, but you, Algy? What will you be?" asked the other, covertly.

"Rich, too; richer than you, Jem; but then I will be more entitled to it, do you see?"

"Yes, yes; all true. But," he lowered his voice as he glanced hastily around him, "suppose I were to tell tales?"

He glanced meaningly at the other.

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"True enough, but you, Algy? What will you be?" asked the other, covertly.

"Rich, too; richer than you, Jem; but then I will be more entitled to it, do you see?"

"Yes, yes; all true. But," he lowered his voice as he glanced hastily around him, "suppose I were to tell tales?"

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father—who stands beside the fair owner of the old chateau, her contented husband.

Two years have passed since the foggy night in England when the detective waited to arrest our lovers ere they should flee across the Channel. Ethan Goldsborough had a double object in bringing his daughter back to London—first, to further torment her long-suffering mother; and second and most important, to bring forward her claims against the great estates of Sir Israel Benjamin, deceased. As the lawful wife of the baronet, her share of his possessions would be large; she, not being of age, would be controlled by her father, and he would reap a rich harvest out of his devilish plotting and scheming, which had resulted in the baronet's death. Violet was dragged back to London and restored to Mr. Goldsborough by the officers. Charlie went on to Paris with his wonderful good news, which was, with due caution, imparted to Madame D'Eglantine, and had the magic effect to restore her to health—for "joy seldom kills."

Violet persistently, obstinately refused to have or touch a pound or a penny of Sir Israel's money. Her father, finding that the baronet's relatives were determined to make a desperate fight—to ferret out all the circumstances of the marriage, and even to accuse him of foul play—threatening to make him prove before an English jury that he did not connive at Sir Israel's death—concluded that it would be wiser to compromise with them.

They, on their part, were glad to have the wife and her father sign off from all future claim, for the sum of ten thousand pounds. With this in his pocket, Ethan Goldsborough sent Violet back to her mother, with an insulting message, and the declaration—which they were only too happy to hear—that "he washed his hands of them forever."

The desperate man made no attempt to return to America to look after his daughter Florence. Perhaps he intended it—for he still loved her with a passionate, blind, animal fidelity—but he attempted to reach the United States by way of the gambling-hells of the Continent.

"Demme, I'll double my snug little fortune, for Florence's sake!" he resolved—and attempted zealously to do it.

In other words, he became a confirmed gambler—losing and gaining—losing and gaining—but always averaging more loss than gain; and unable to tear himself away from the perilous fascination; until, not more than a twelve-month from the time of his return to the various Spas where he could indulge his passion—play being then forbidden in Baden-Baden, where he began it—he found himself penniless, friendless, stricken with disease of mind and body, gnawed by memory, deserted by hope—and blew out his brains in the presence of the stolid *croupier* who had raked in his last kreutzer.

Long before this catastrophe, Madame D'Eglantine had gone to America, at Violet's earnest request, to look after Florence; for Charlie had confided to them her poor prospects of happiness with the man of pleasure she had so rashly married.

Mr. Rhodes chanced again to be their companion *du voyage* on the way to New York. The reader may infer how it still further increased the warmth of their friendship to find that he had befriended Florence, as well as spent two nights in prison on Violet's account. His discovery that the beautiful, imprudent girl he had sheltered and protected was the very one whom they were in search of, came about very simply when they were all talking together. Of course, he gave them Fraser Harold's address—or that of his family—and to their house Violet and her mother went at once, after resting one night from the fatigues of the voyage.

They found the family in deep mourning—heard, with a fresh shock, the news of Fraser's death and the manner of it; scarcely recognizing, at first glance, the pale, quiet, broken-hearted little lady, in widow's weeds, as Florence.

"Oh, take me with you, Madame D'Eglantine," she pleaded, her pride all broken down, "Mr. Vernon and Violet, Charlie and even you, seem so much nearer to me than *these do*. They are kind, but they are cold as icicles; I know from their manner they feel that I am in some way to blame for their son's death. I used to be jealous of you, Violet," she added, looking piteously at her fair half-sister. "I was hateful to you, willful, vain, spoiled. Now I am only a poor, broken-hearted woman, whose faults, I hope, are buried in her husband's grave," and the tears stole down her wan cheeks.

"You are my sister, by blood and by affection," answered Violet, weeping with her. "We will love you and cherish you, as never sister was loved and cared for. Mamma, shall not Florence go home with us—be your child as much as I am?"

"Yes," said Madame D'Eglantine—and so it was.

They passed the remainder of the winter in New York, having delightful apartments, their business cared for by Mr. Vernon, and Charlie being scarcely a more constant visitor than Redmond Rhodes.

In June they went to France to remain, Madame's vast estates there requiring her and her agent's personal supervision. Violet and Charlie Ward were engaged before they parted, with the understanding that Violet was to spend a year at a celebrated *pension*, in Paris, while her mother was refitting and refurbishing the old family chateau by the sea.

It could not really be a regret to the family when they heard of the miserable end of their persecutor; though Florence did mourn for a father who had never shown her any but his good qualities.

The esteem and confidence which had grown up between Mr. Vernon and his client, finally culminated in marriage; which delighted Violet and made her, as she declared, "the happiest girl in the world."

And now her own wedding-day is but a few hours off!

She sits by her lover's side, while the golden rays of the setting sun pierce the quaint diamond panes, leaden-framed, of the drawing-room windows, and her eyes, falling before the fire of Charlie's gaze, dreamily follow the tracing of the fading, but exquisite needlework of the silken tapestries upon the wall.

All are happy except poor, desolate Florence.

She paces the stone terrace, looking off wistfully over the blue sea, where the sun has disappeared. The flowers, the tapers, the music, the feasting—the sight of the bride-elect in her fairness, vex the poor little soul of one who is not yet made perfect through suffering—though her character is vastly improved.

Mr. Bailey took his loss very coolly, only saying he should put a skilled detective on the track that very day. But poor Miss Lawrence grieved greatly, for it was money she had saved to pay a visit to her parents with, and it was a severe disappointment to her.

But Mr. Bailey comforted her, telling her he thought perhaps her money could be recovered with his own.

Kitty was sorry for Miss Lawrence, but she wouldn't waste any pity on Mr. Bailey.

"Serves him right for being so hard on Arthur!" she said.

But she was more sympathizing when Mr. Arthur Leroy himself came down to dinner looking very grave, and asked Mr. Bailey if he had found a good detective.

"I did, sir," said Mr. Bailey.

"Do you think you can trust him to recover the lost articles?" asked Mr. Leroy.

"I think I can, for I can be done."

"Then, sir, would you oblige me with his name and address?"

"Have you lost anything?" was the question from two or three.

Upon which Mr. Arthur Leroy said he had lost a valuable diamond ring, but had not missed it until just before dinner. It was a ring they had all seen him wear, which he valued because it was a birthday gift—his last at home—from his father, he said, and he could not bear to lose it. He felt as if he must recover it, he added, and wanted to employ Mr. Bailey's detective. Mr. Bailey kindly gave him the name and address, and offered to go with him to call upon the officer, but Mr. Arthur Leroy would not put him to that trouble, and so—he went at all—he went alone.

They all kept on the watch for the burglar for the next few nights, and Miss Morley, the other lady boarder, was so afraid that she would not sleep alone, but got Kitty to sleep with her.

The burglar, however, did not come again, neither was anything heard from the lost money and jewels.

One day Miss Morley received a present from her brother in California, of a very elegant watch and chain, and a pair of heavy bracelets.

She brought them down to the dinner table and showed them to all the rest in great delight.

"It's a good thing you didn't have them when our friend, Mr. Burglar, was here, Miss Morley, or you would be sure not to have them now," said Mr. Arthur Leroy, laughingly.

"Isn't it, though?" said Miss Morley. "I shall keep them locked in my bureau, and be almost afraid to wear them for fear of some such rascal seeing them. I do believe it would break my heart to lose them."

"I don't think he will venture in the same place again," said Mr. Leroy.

"No, I suppose not," said Miss Morley.

Little Kitty said nothing, but she kept a busy thinking about the burglar, and wishing at least that he had not taken Arthur's ring.

Kitty was very much engaged making a new dress, and that very afternoon, while her mother was absent and all the boarders were away at their work, she was fitting the basque.

Now it's a very important piece of business, as every lady knows, to fit a basque on one's self.

Kitty turned around and about, but her glass was too small to see well by, and she thought of the large one on the bureau in Miss Morley's room.

Gathering up her dress, she ran across the hall to Miss Morley's room, with only her skirts and the basque without sleeves on, and stood before the glass, observing the fit of every seam, when she heard some one coming toward the door. Miss Morley stayed in a lace store, and business hours were not over, so it couldn't be her.

"I wouldn't run if it was," said Kitty, "but it may be some stranger to call on her. I can't be caught this way! Where shall I hide? Oh, the closet!"

She darted into the closet where Miss Morley's dresses hung, holding the door a tiny crack ajar, so as to see who came in. The door of the room cautiously opened—some one peeped in—then walked boldly inside, closed and locked the door.

And to Kitty's intense amazement and terror it was—Mr. Arthur Leroy!

"He's mistaken his room," she thought, "he'll go out directly. What made him do it?"

But Mr. Leroy had not mistaken the room, and he knew "what made him do it," for he walked straight to Miss Morley's bureau, and while Kitty stood watching, feeling as if she were slowly turning to stone, he opened the drawer with a key he took from his pocket, lifted Miss Morley's watch and chain and bracelets from their case, and put them in his breast pocket.

Was it a cruel joke? No. Kitty understood all in a flash. She was generally a cowardly little thing, but she was not a coward now.

Forgetting all about her white petticoat and bare arms, forgetting that she was alone in the house with a desperate man, she opened the closet door, walked out, and, white and cold, with gleaming eyes and hard, stony voice, she confronted the man she had loved.

"Arthur?"

He turned as if thunderstruck.

"Good God! Kitty!" he cried, so utterly stricken with astonishment he could say nothing else.

"Yes, Kitty," she repeated, in the same cold, hard tone. "Arthur, I have seen all. I know all. But I have loved you, and I cannot see you punished in a prison-cell. Put back Miss Morley's things, restore what you took from Miss Lawrence and Mr. Bailey, and leave the house forever, and I swear to you I will never, while I live, breathe to a single soul what I have seen and known. Will you do it?"

"If he is as rich as he says," said Kitty's mother, "why, he doesn't mean anything. Gentlemen in his position don't stoop to girls in yours, except for amusement. I s'pose you don't want to be made a fool of, Kitty?"

"I'd like to see the man who would try it!" bridled Miss Kitty, tossing her pretty head, impatiently.

"Then you let Mr. Arthur Leroy alone," said her mother. "He's not for you, whoever he is. And Mr. Bailey don't think he quite what he claims to be."

"And Mr. Bailey is a meddling old fool!" cried Kitty, glad of somebody to vent her spite on. And after her mother was gone she cried a little, just for pure anger, and took Mr. Arthur Leroy's photograph from her pocket, yes, indeed! affairs were gone as far as that!—and whispered to it that he was "for her," because he had told her so many a time.

And so, instead of heading advice, she went on walking and talking with Mr. Leroy; and once when they were riding he took her past a grand stone-front, up-toned mansion, and told her that it was his father's house, and when his father died would be his, and he would take his little wife there to live.

And by this time foolish little Kitty had promised to be his wife as soon as he had made friends with his father, and after that she used to pass the stone-front in her walks alone, and look up at it and imagine how she would do when she lived there, and even selected, from the outside, the room which was to be hers. Poor, pretty, foolish little Kitty!

One day there was a great commotion at Kitty's mother's. A burglar had entered the house and taken seven hundred dollars and some valuable pieces of jewelry, heirlooms in his family, from Mr. Bailey's room, and a hundred dollars from Miss Lawrence, the music teacher.

Nobody had seen or heard a thing in the night, but a back window opening upon a porch roof was raised and the shutters loosened, so he must have come in that way.

Mr. Bailey took his loss very coolly, only saying he should put a skilled detective on the track that very day. But poor Miss Lawrence grieved greatly, for it was money she had saved to pay a visit to her parents with, and it was a severe disappointment to her.

But Mr. Bailey comforted her, telling her he thought perhaps her money could be recovered with his own.

It doesn't matter," moaned Kitty, turning on her pillow, where she lay with a brain-fever many a long day.

And while she was sick the oddest thing happened! Mr. Bailey's money and jewels and Miss Lawrence's money were returned! No

clue could be found as to how, but they were all in a package which the detective found on his table one morning, directed to Mr. John Bailey.

Kitty thought she knew something about it, but she never dropped a word, and she never heard of Mr. Arthur Leroy again.

But once, the next summer, when she was walking with Mr. Bailey, a few weeks after their marriage, they passed the stone-front mansion, and Kitty asked Mr. Bailey if he knew who lived there.

He said he did, and gave the name of a prominent merchant.

"I thought it was a banker's house," said Kitty.

"No, it has belonged to the same family a great many years," said Mr. Bailey, and Kitty was not surprised.

Now was she when she asked if there was a prominent banker by the name of Leroy and he told her he was sure there was not and never had been, for she felt certain that Mr. Arthur Leroy was a deception all through.

Endurance of Mustangs.

JOHN C. FREMONT'S GREAT RIDE OF EIGHT HUNDRED MILES IN EIGHT DAYS.

THE mustang race in New York, in which a rider proposed to ride 305 miles in fifteen hours, and failed from exhaustion, recalls the great ride of Fremont in 1847. The story of this ride is retold as follows:

It was at daybreak on the morning of the twenty-second of March, 1847, that the party set out for La Ciudad de Los Angeles (the City of the Angels), in the southern part of Upper California, to proceed in the shortest time to Monterey, on the Pacific coast, distant full 400 miles. The way is over a mountainous country, much of it uninhabited, with no other road than a track and many defiles to pass, particularly the maritime defile of El Rincon or Puerto Gorda, fifteen miles in extent, made by the falling of a precipitous mountain into the sea, and which can only be passed when the tide is out and the sea calm, and then in many places through the waves. The towns of Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo, and occasional ranches, are the principal inhabited places on the route. Each of the party had three horses in all—to take their turns under the saddle. The six loose horses ran ahead, without bridle or halter, and required some attention to keep them to the track. When wanted for a change, say at the distance of twenty miles, they were caught by a lasso, thrown either by Don Jesus or the servant Jacob. None of the horses were shot, that being unknown to the Californians. The usual gait was a sweeping gallop. The first day they ran 125 miles, passing the San Fernando mountain, the defile of the Rincon and several other mountains, and slept at the hospitable ranch of Don Thomas Robles, beyond the town of Santa Barbara. The only fatigue complained of in this day's ride was in Jacob's right arm, made tired by throwing the lasso, and using it as a whip to keep the loose horses to the track. The next day they made another 125 miles, passing the formidable mountain of Santa Barbara, and counting upon it the skeletons of some fifty horses, part of near double that number which perished in the crossing of that terrible mountain by the California battalion, on Christmas day, 1846, amid a raging tempest, and a deluge of rain and cold, more killing than that of the Sierra Nevada, said Fremont and his men, that they have ever passed. At sunset the party stopped to sup with the friendly Captain Dana, and at nine at night San Luis Obispo was reached. Here the mustangs from Los Angeles were left, and eight others taken in their place, and a Spanish boy added to the party to assist in managing the loose horses.

Proceeding at the usual gait till eight o'clock at night, and having made some seventy miles, Don Jesus became fatigued and proposed a halt for a few hours. It was in the valley of the Salinas and the haunt of marauding Indians. For safety during their repose the party turned off the track, issued through a canyon into the thick wood and laid down, the horses being put to grass at a short distance, with the Spanish boy in the saddle to watch. Sleep, when commenced, was too sweet to be easily given up, and it was half-way between midnight and day when the sleepers were aroused by an estampido among the horses and the calls of the boy. The cause of the alarm was soon found—not Indians, but white bears, this valley being their great resort and the place where Colonel Fremont and thirty-five of his men encountered some hundreds of them the summer before, killing thirty upon the ground.

The character of these bears is well known, and the bravest hunters do not like to meet them without the advantage of numbers. On discovering the enemy, Colonel Fremont felt for his pistols, but Don Jesus desired him to be still, saying that "People could scare bears," and immediately hallooed at them in Spanish, and they went off. Sleep went off also, and the recovery of the horses frightened by the bears, building a rousing fire, making a breakfast from the hospital supplies of San Luis Obispo, occupied the party till daybreak, when the journey was resumed, eighty miles, and the afternoon brought the party to Monterey.

The next day, in the afternoon, the two horses rode by Colonel Fremont from San Luis Obispo to a present to him from Don Jesus, he (Don Jesus) desirous to make an experiment of what one of them could do. They were brothers, one a year younger than the other. The elder was to be taken for the trial, and the journey commenced upon him at leaving Monterey, the afternoon well advanced. Thirty miles under the saddle done that evening and the party stopped for the night. In the morning the elder camalo was again under the saddle for Colonel Fremont, and for ninety miles he carried him without a change and without apparent fatigue. It was still thirty miles to San Luis Obispo, where the night was to be passed, and Don Jesus insisted that the camalo could do it, and so said the horse by his looks and action. But Colonel Fremont would not put him to the trial, and shifting the saddle to the younger brother, the elder was turned loose to run the remaining thirty miles without a rider. He did so, immediately taking the lead and keeping it all the way, and entering San Luis in a sweeping gallop, nostrils distended, snuffing the air and neighing with exultation at his return to his native pastures, his younger brother all the time at the head of the horses under the saddle, bearing on his bit and held in by his rider. The whole eight horses made the 120 miles each that day (after thirty the evening before).

After a hospitable detention of another half a day at San Luis Obispo, the party set out for Los Angeles, on the same nine horses which they had rode from that place, and made the ride back in about the same time they had made it up—namely, at the rate of 125 miles a day.

It will be seen that Chicago leads St. Louis seven games, and Hartford nine, while St. Louis leads Hartford two games for second place. Boston is only behind Hartford three games, and if the latter do not harmonize, the Reds will soon step in the front of the Blues.

On this ride the grass on the road was the food for the horses. At Monterey they had barley, but these horses—meaning those trained and domesticated as the canalos were—eat almost anything of vegetable food, or even drink, their master uses, by whom they are petted and caressed and rarely sold. Bread, fruit, sugar, coffee, and even wine (like the Persian horses), they take from the hand of their master, and obey with

RURAL LOVE.

BY JOH JOY, JR.

Oats so pleasant just to see
Her ariental smile
On the smooth meadow of her face,
Which shows such tender soil.
Indeed I'm eversy inclined,
Though I do so with dread,
To tell the charming maid the thoughts
Which I have husbanded.
Hoe, hoe, my maid, lend me your ear!
A tender love I till,
And into rhyme that love I weave,
Forgive if I weevil.
I'm no wise-acre, but I know
My heart is like a barn
Filled full of tender hopes for you—
Yes, I acknowledge the corn.
No separator e'er could part
Arate my heart from you
Through that all my affection runs
Straight as a furrow true.
Yea, even it wou'd de-stray my hopes,
And s-wheat that would not be;
My crop of joy would all be dropped
If you should turn from me.
My whole life then would go a-rye,
And weeds I would put on;
Twould harrow me against the grain,
And life to waste would run.
My hopes would very sickly-y grow;
My heart would be so swore,
I'd stab myself wi' a reaping-machine,
And then would be no mow'r.

Yankee Boys in Ceylon: OR, THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

BY C. D. CLARK,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "ROD
AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.

III.—HUNTING THE WILD HOG.

They did not stay long in Colombo, the main port of that coast—first, because the place did not afford good anchorage; and second, because their taste of the excitement of hunting life in Ceylon had made them anxious for more of the same sort. In Colombo they purchased needed supplies, and selected a man as companion for "Pete," whom that worthy recommended as equal to himself in knowledge of the country in which they proposed to hunt. Then they bought horses, each taking a spare one, in case one should be disabled in any way. The spare horses carried the supplies, for they did not care to engage coolies until forced to do so by the character of the country through which they must pass.

It took about three days to fit out, and at the end of that time the young men only accompanied by Dave Sawyer, left the town, after ordering the first mate to take the schooner to Pointe de Galle, there to remain for thirty days. They rode out upon the beautiful road which the English troops had made in the direction of the province of Kandy, where lay the best hunting grounds. All along the route, as they rode, they saw evidences of the primitive character of this peculiar people, who were then preparing the rice-fields for planting, using a wooden plow, which did little more than scratch the surface of the earth. This plow, with one handle, was drawn by a pair of tame buffaloes, looking little like the ferocious brutes which the boys had encountered upon their first day's hunt.

The coolies would offer their services as the party passed, leaving their work for the purpose, and would have left the cattle in the furrow if the American sahibs would employ them; but the young men refused all offers of service, preferring to employ the help they wanted when they reached the province of Kandy.

They rode thirty miles that day, and made their quarters in a Cingalese village. The head man, who understood the English language, invited the party to tarry for a day, for a "pig" hunt—a sport which Captain Sawyer well understood and delighted in; so, of course, he pressed the boys to stay, promising them noble sport. They were only too willing to accept the invitation, and spent half the night in making their preparations. As they did not understand the use of the boar-spear, the young hunters preferred to use their rifles.

At early morning they rode out of the village, accompanied by a crowd of natives on foot, to act as beaters. The head man had two dogs, rough, ungainly-looking creatures, but, as it afterward proved, like the traditional "singed cat," better than they looked. They sneaked on behind the horses, villainous in appearance, but when once upon the hunting-ground their demeanor changed; they struggled with the leashes in which they were held, and were wild to get at the game. It was a ride of four miles, through a broken country, somewhat resembling the foothills of California. The beaters made a circuit, holding long bamboo poles in their hands with which they thrashed the bushes, driving before them all the game within the circuit.

"Now, my boys," called out Sawyer, "let me tell you it is no boy's play to hunt the Ceylon boar. They are tough customers, and one rip of their tusks will kill a horse on the spot. I've had many a tussle with them, and I'd sooner fight an elephant. Aim well, and then get out of the way when they charge."

The bushes were now crashing under the rush of the coming game, as the shouts of the beaters were heard, and then there broke from cover a drove of wild hogs of such ferocious aspect that the boys were startled. Huge, gaunt, with long, erect bristles, their great tusks gleaming white from their open jaws, and their small eyes sparkling with malignity, as they came plunging down the rugged hill directly toward the spot where the hunters stood, they were indeed "ugly customers."

"Forward!" cried the captain. "Let them have it."

Will made one leap from the saddle to the top of a great bowlder nearly six feet high, calling to his gun-bearer to take his horse. From this secure eminence the lad sent a bullet into the shoulder of a huge beast which charged him, and although the boar staggered he kept on, with his malignant eyes fixed upon the boy on the rock. Rearing against it, he placed his fore feet upon the edge of the rock, and made furious attempts to leap up. But Will stood there, confident and serene and let fly three balls in close succession, aiming at the exposed throat of the fearful beast. The last shot hit the busibone and the brute dropped, with a crash which shook the soil.

"Done for!" cried Will. "Now to see what the others are doing."

He looked over the rough field. A strange and wild panorama was spread out before him. The Cingalese had scattered in every direction to get out of the reach of the rushing drove. Sawyer, careless of danger, had charged one of the largest of the drove, boar-spear in hand. Awed by the furious charge, the boar turned and fled, but after him rode the captain, with his spear at his hip, ready for a blow. They scrambled over the crest of the hill together,

the boar only a little in advance of the horseman, who was riding at a furious pace. The next moment they were out of sight. Will then looked back.

Richard's first shot had been fortunate and the pig at which he aimed was down, rolling over and over upon the earth in the agonies of death. Dropping his gun into the extended hand of his bearer, he caught a boar-spear from another, and rode at a second animal, which, scattering the natives before him, came charging down the slope. Dick went after him at a mad gallop, with a wild cheer of delight, and was soon close upon his savage-looking game. The hog, with an ugly grunt, turned upon the horseman, and charged him furiously. Before Richard could pull in the enraged creature was under his horse, and, lifting his huge head, struck the noble animal underneath.

One who has never witnessed the effect of such a blow can have no idea of the power of the boar. The horse gave a convulsive leap and bounded away, almost disembowled by the blow, his blood pouring out at every stride. Dick had buried his spear twice in the body of the boar, but his vital parts had been beneath the body of the horse, and although the spear had passed through his body twice it seemed to have no other effect than to render the hog doubly furious with rage; he rushed after the wounded horse, which, frantic with pain, had dashed away. The poor beast was staggering weakly, his blood pouring from the gaping wounds. Dick saw that, if he kept the saddle, he must fall with the horse, when he would be entirely at the mercy of the hog, if he should be injured or hampered in any way. Behind him thundered the boar, gaining upon him at every step; he loosened his feet in the stirrups and sprang suddenly to the earth.

In his school days, Richard had been a famous runner, and if he ever needed to put forth all his powers, now was the time; and he set to work in a way which showed that he was in earnest.

Supposing that the boar would stop to rest upon the horse, he found himself much mistaken, for the small blazing eyes were fixed upon him malignantly; the boar would not even look at the staggering horse, but pursued the young man. Richard ran for a hundred yards, thinking to gain on the pursuer; but, looking over his shoulder, he discovered that the beast was close upon him, and gaining at every jump.

Something must be done, and that quickly. He put forth all his energies to see if he was in any way the equal of the hog, but the effort was useless. Whirling suddenly, he leaped into the air, and the "pig" passed under him at full speed. So furious was his pace that for the moment the animal could not stop himself, and Richard had gained fifty feet in another direction before the boar was again in pursuit. Will was on the rock, far out of reach. Ned had trouble enough of his own to attend to, Captain Sawyer was out of sight, and the Cingalese were not the men to thrust themselves forward in an hour like this. "Pete" would have given aid, but just then he was engaged in trying to save Ned, who was in an awkward position. Take it altogether there was no hope for aid from any one, and Richard felt that he must depend upon himself.

"I will run no further," he thought, grasping his spear firmly. "Live or die, I will end that here."

He loosened his knife in its sheath, grasped his spear, and dropped upon his knee, with the shaft of the spear firmly planted against a stone. The boar, the blood and foam dropping from his distended jaws, sprang at him. Richard lowered the point of the spear so that it struck the animal full in the breast, and two thirds of the length of the stout spear was buried in his body. The shock overthrew the young hunter, but, as he sprung up, knife in hand, the huge brute lay dead at his feet, with the spear buried in his heart. He started up, uttering a shout of triumph, but casting his eyes about him beheld the great peril of his brother Edward. Drawing the spear from the body of the slain beast, Dick ran to the rescue.

Ned was in danger, indeed. Like his older brother, he had fired at one of the pigs, and brought him to the earth; then, seizing a spear, he set off after another. More successful than Richard, he had planted the spear in the back of the game, when the hog gave a leap which dragged him out of the saddle, and he actually alighted astride of the huge animal.

Still grasping the spear, he clung to it with the tenacity of terror, while the animal began to run to and fro, seeking some avenue of escape. Modo would have fired, but dared not do it while the lad remained upon the hog's back. The Cingalese gave way with startling unanimity whenever the boar came near them.

This free ride was hardly pleasant to Ned Wade, but he did not dare to leap off, knowing that the boar would turn upon him the instant he did so. The spear, rankling in his flesh, galled the hog terribly; hence he strove in every possible way to rid himself of his rider. Ned shouted for the dogs, but they were off still the pig which Sawyer had chased, and did not respond.

Modo, with a spear in his hand, was rushing to the boy's aid. Richard, still further away, was straining every nerve to reach him, but Ned felt that he could not hold on much longer. He would have used his knife, but that had been jolted from its sheath at the start; he really was weaponless. Despairing, he was about to leap off and take his chance, when a fierce howl was heard; a dark body was launched at the furious boar.

It was one of the dogs, returned in time to save him. Ned at once left his unruly steed, perfectly willing to resign him, and beckoned one of the bearers to advance with a gun. But "Pete," fearing for the dogs if a shot should be fired, dashed in with his spear. The boar, encumbered by the dogs, met him gallantly. But Modo easily eluded his headlong charge, and darting to one side, planted the spear behind the shoulder, the sharp point passing completely through the heart. The work was done, and with a squeal of pain, the brave brute staggered and fell, bleeding his life away.

"I've had a free ride," remarked Ned, "and I don't want another. Hullo, Dick; how do you like it?"

"I will say this much," replied Richard. "I have done some hunting in my time, and have been in danger, but I never was so near death as I have been in the last half hour."

"That is because you have not yet reduced it to a science," shouted Will, from his throne on the rock. "Just look at me."

"Oh, yes!" retorted Ned. "You might know that Will would be in a safe place."

"Science, I tell you; science! I've seated myself here and have killed four pigs, while you have worked your life out to kill two, and have lost a good horse into the bargain. Three cheers for the old Winchester!"

Will had staid upon the rock, and taken a cool aim at it, and had actually killed four. The natives looked at him in wonder, for they had not seen him load his weapon, and therefore regarded him as a being of miraculous power.

Death's Victory.

BY LUCILLE HOLLIS.

ADRIAN—MCCLANCY.—On Thursday, Feb. 18, at the St. Cloud Hotel, by the Rev. Edward Dagan, Fisk Adrian to Emelie McClancy, both of this city.

ROSE VASSAR reads those lines once through, swiftly and breathlessly. She reads them a second time, leisurely, making careful note of every item of the announcement. She reads them a third time, slowly, with those pleading, passionate gray eyes of hers grown very absent and dreamy. Surely, by this time, Miss Vassar must be satisfied of the meaning the notice is intended to convey. She opens a dainty trifle of a penknife and draws its keen blade about that first announcement in the marriage list of the daily paper she has been turning carelessly.

"So they are really married—Fisk Adrian and Emelie McClancy! Well, well, this is a very uncertain world, my dear friends; and there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." For instance, you little dream that Rose Vassar knows your secret and holds it with your wealth or woe at stake, as she pleases. "As she pleases, indeed! What a consummate fool this Rose Vassar is, that she lets you have one moment of joy that she can take from your false lips. What have you left her that she should consider your welfare? Youth and beauty—to feed upon the ashes of dead hopes, and the bitterness of a love won simply by intrigue, to be mockingly thrown back to its giver! Oh, how I hate you—hate you—hate you both!"

These last words Miss Vassar fairly hisses out, between the even pearliness of her little teeth. Then she pushes back her chair, throws a bill upon the silver salver of the waiter, and floats gracefully, slowly, out of the glittering salon.

Just at the broad entrance a gentleman meets her, and his cold, handsome eyes warn him to sudden passionateness, and he flings aside his newly-lighted cigar, to greet her, and a current of impetuosity quivers through his languid conventional tones.

"Rose, what blessed fortune is this that the first familiar face I meet upon my return is yours! How are you? How are they all? What has been doing since I have been away?"

There is an almost feverish eagerness in the stranger's manner, in his flame-red cheeks, in the appealing glow of his usually listless eyes, as he asks these last questions, standing just a hand's breadth from Miss Vassar and studying her vivid, perfect face.

"You have nearly surprised me out of all power to answer your many questions, Alphonse," Miss Vassar says, with a smile as chill as moonlight playing about the carved lips of some wrought Carrara marble, and a perfect calmness of voice and manner that quite belies her words. "But if I am to give you all the information for which you have asked, pray let it be in some less public position."

"A thousand pardons, Rose, for detaining you here; but my astonishment and pleasure at meeting you must be my excuse. Do you mind my ordering some luncheon in a private parlor, and our having a little tête-à-tête, or shall I be presuming too much upon your time and kindness?"

"My time is quite valuable, I assure you, and you may presume to dispose of it, for a while, as you choose," assented the lady, graciously laying her hand upon her companion's arm, and allowing him to escort her to a tiny salon, covered with rosy velvet and glittering even through its warm flushed gloom with panelings of mirror that reflect and multiply the porcelain standards, of ferns that grow green and dainty before the windows that are half veiled in silk and lace.

While the gentleman writes his orders, Miss Vassar puts back some of the silken draperies, letting a flood of blushing light into the pretty parlor, and stands idly toying with the long, tender fronds of the ferns and staring wearily, hopelessly, into the street. Presently her companion comes toward her and stands silently, a moment, regarding her, with a sullen, almost furious gleam in his eyes, and a convulsive shudder of his white, fair hands.

"Rose?" She turns about listlessly, discerns just a trace of the soul-storm that has passed over him, and gives him a long, half-pitying, half-sardonie glance; then she motions him to share the velvet sofa with her, and says:

"Now tell me, please, what brought you home, how long you have been in town, and all about yourself generally. Then I'll submit to any amount of cross-questioning in return."

"I was just about to remark that the tables were turned," the gentleman says, with a smile as weary and cold as Miss Vassar's own. "All about myself is soon told. I have been recalled. I arrived in town about an hour ago took a room at the Hoffman, came over here for some lunch, and go on to Washington tomorrow night. I have been successful, and well—and am the same Alphonse Adrian, in every particular, that I was two years ago. That is all. Now it is my turn. You were well? You—Rose, tell me, for God's sake, when the time of your leaving us and your mother's death, I was more happy than I think mortals often are. Then the blow fell. I discovered that Emelie McClancy was Fisk's idol—not I! As my love had superseded all other thoughts and emotions, and become the ruling passion of my life, so did my hate! I demanded my fortune and left the home where I had foolishly dreamed I should be mistress, and came to town. But I have been unable to settle to anything. What did life hold for a young, handsome, friendless woman? I only cared to find some way to make him suffer; I never dreamed that they would dare marry. To-day, when I read the notice of their wedding, I knew that I held the destiny of both in my hands. I hate them! I only live to see them disunited! Nor do I love you!"

"A long pause after this brief, vivid revelation of a blighted life and soul, then Rose breathes, as if awaiting some doom.

"Well—?"

"You are mine unto death."

A stretch of boundless waters, black and turbulent under the April moonlight. Plunging, plowing, steadily through the silent ocean plain, leaving a trail of foam in its wake, is a steamer bound for Liverpool. Upon the deck, heavily wrapped, a man and woman are conversing in a sheltered nook. She is fair and slight, with an ivory-pale face, dangerous deep blue eyes, and a mouth that is expressive of intense will-power, despite its enticing loveliness. The moonlight reveals this portrait, and shows the contrast between it and that of the man into whose hand one of hers is tenderly nestling. He is small and slightly deformed in stature, swarthy-faced, with almost ugly features, despite their purity of profile. Yet, unlike as are these two, they are evidently lovers—lovers, though they may have been married years. If there are lurking shadows of guilt or misery in woman's fatally bewildering blue eyes, there is upon her pallid face an expression of ineffable present content. And whatever signs of weakness mar the man's mobile mouth, and indications of latent cruelty hover in his steel-light glances, there is no room to doubt his infatuation for the companion at his side, who speaks him out of his sight. Is he conscious of the mental tortures she is undergoing?

The strange funeral is over. The moon is gleaming down, palely, upon the already distant burial place. Rose Adrian steals swiftly upon deck among the shadows, to a secluded place. Her hands grasp the railing, her face is set and white, she is fully prepared to execute her purpose—but—

"Rose, my wife, if you die it shall only be—as she did—in your husband's arms. I have grown to know that you can never love me. That Fisk was your idol as he was Emelie's. But for all that I cannot, will not, lose you!"

"No! no! After all the savage hate I have shown, the demoniac revenge I have made you share, the murderer I have done, the wrong I have wrought you—you cannot love me! I have seen the change coming—I feel that you must shrink from me in horror—I cannot live to hear your reproaches—for—"

"Rose, I love you just as I ever have done! There is no wrong you have committed that I will not willingly bear the stains of upon my own soul! I shall never reproach you for anything! If you will only try to forget the past, there is nothing more that I can ask of you than that you can give."

"And you can forget and forgive this black spot in my life?"

"Anything, Rose, wife, if you will only save me from this horror you have contemplated."

With a storm of womanly tears she flings herself upon her knees, and says:

"I deserve nothing—I have everything! Alphonse McClancy had lived through too much that had tested her will and daring to faint, or scream, or even moan, now that she confronts the victim of her years of guilt, and knows that failure is stamped upon the fair hopes she has cherished, and a blight upon the happiness she

has at last won. She gives not one sign of the sickening horror that has taken possession of her soul, as she enters the salon upon her husband's arm, and joins the merry company gathered there. But a lady comes toward her, who detects the despairing gleam in her eye.

"Good evening, Mrs. Adrian. Good evening, Fisk. Of course you knew that we were on board! I have been quite ill, until toward night, and Alphonse has dutifully been staying with me. He has just gone to the smoking room, and as we were told that you had gone on deck for a time, he desired me to ask Fisk to stop there when he returned."

"Certainly. Emelie, love, I will be back presently, and so the two women are left comparatively alone. Rose turns to her sister-in-law and dropping her voice to a low monotone, says, sardonically:

"I hope you have been happy enough since the eighteenth of February, to compensate you for the risky game you've played so long. Is it not rather a cruel fate that the man whose only fault has been that his wealth gained your hand but never your heart, should be the witness